

The Sketch

No. 841 —Vol. LXV.

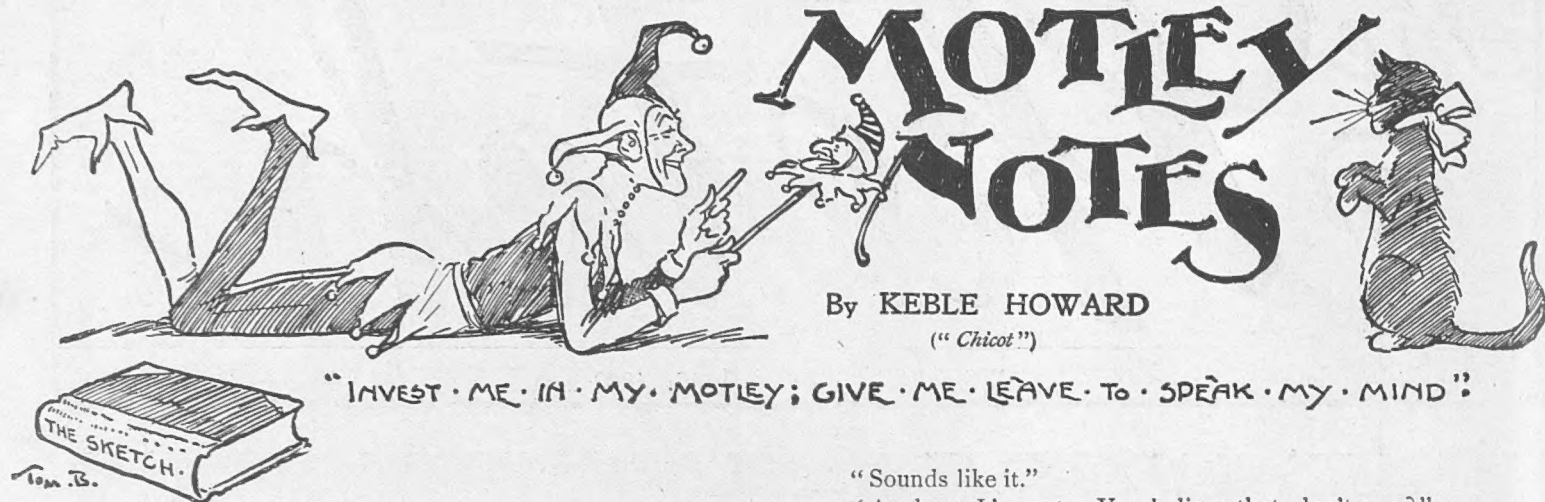
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



SOCIETY LEADER AND BARE-FOOTED DANCER: LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON IN THE GREEK COSTUME IN WHICH SHE DANCED PUBLICLY IN AMERICA.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson caused great discussion in America by dancing publicly in Greek costume and with bare feet, that she might obtain funds wherewith to start a special school for little boys in the North of Scotland. Lady Constance danced in some American houses, and at Sherry's Restaurant. As we noted in "The Sketch" the other day, she cannot understand the attitude taken by certain people with regard to her dress. To an interviewer she said: "The costume I wear is far more modest than the garments women are wearing in the streets, for in America old women, young women, fat women, and thin women seem to consider that their lives depends on donning 'Directoire' gowns."—[Photograph by Eam.]



Love and the Telephone.

A writer in the Press, who might quite reasonably have signed herself "Friend to Lovers," has been uttering a solemn warning as to the danger of the telephone. I have not the article, or paragraph, or letter—whichever it was—by me at the moment, but this is the sense of the passage that has remained in my memory: "Be careful that you do not commit yourself to definite statements on the telephone. You never know when your conversation is being overheard by a third party. I myself have often been the unwilling listener to the tenderest of messages, the most private of appointments." The warning is not without its value. Every lover above the age of ten, of course, makes use of the telephone, and is fully aware of that possible third party. But, however carefully the dialogue may open—and, as a rule, the speakers are at first so frantically careful as to be unintelligible even to one another—as the matter progresses they are apt to abandon caution under the stress of excitement, with, on occasion, lamentable results. Since it is always easier and better to teach by example rather than by precept, I propose to define for you, reader in love, the general course of your telephonic disclosures. I may say that my information has been derived from the reports of experts, supplemented by personal experience—as the involuntary third party.

"Sounds like it."
 "Anyhow, I'm not. You believe that, don't you?"
 "Of course, if you say so. Er——"
 "Yes?"

Stage the Third. "I quite forgot why I rang up. I had something most important to tell you."
 "Don't tantalise me!"
 "Wait a minute. I'm trying to think. . . . Oh, yes. I know now. It doesn't matter."
 "What was it? Do tell me!"
 "D'you still love me?"
 "Of course! What a ridiculous question!"
 "Sure?"
 "Rather!"
 "How much?"
 "Oh, more than anything or anybody in all the world. Much more than you love me."
 "How do you know?"
 "Oh, in lots of ways."
 "You're wrong, then. I love you every bit as much as you love me."
 "Darling! I say, Joyce!"
 "Yes."
 "When am I going to see you again?"

Stage the First. "Hullo? Yes?"
 "Is that you?"
 "Who's that?"
 "Me."
 "Who?"
 "Me."
 "Oh, is it you?"
 "Yes. That's you, isn't it?"
 "Yes. How are you?"
 "Oh, pretty rotten, thanks."
 "Why—what's the matter?"
 "Nothing in particular. Why?"
 "I thought, perhaps——"
 "Perhaps what?"
 "You know."
 "No, I don't."
 "Well, that something might have—perhaps——"
 "Oh! No, there's nothing to be alarmed about."
 "Good. I say!"

Stage the Second. "Yes?"
 "Did you get that?"
 "Get what?"
 "You know."
 "I don't."
 "That letter."
 "On Monday? Yes, I got that."
 "That's all right. Anybody else see it?"
 "Of course not. Why should they?"
 "I don't know, only—well, you never know."
 "Don't be so suspicious. I've told you over and over again that nobody ever opens my letters."
 "Yes, I know; but it's the unexpected that always happens."
 "You'd better not write any more, then, if you're so——"
 "I'm not! Don't be silly!"

Stage the Fourth. "Oh, any time you like."
 "Don't rot! You know what I mean. When shall I see you again alone?"
 "I don't know, dear! It's so difficult, isn't it?"
 "Can't you dine with me one night this week?"
 "Let me see. I might manage it on Thursday. But where?"
 "The usual place?"
 "Yes, if you like. What time?"
 "Half-past seven?"
 "Make it seven; then I can get out before Tom comes in."
 "Right you are—seven. By the way, I saw the Hollinrakes yesterday. They were lunching at the Savoy."
 "The who?"
 "The Hollinrakes."
 "Oh! Did they say anything about seeing us that night?"
 "No, I don't think they could have seen us."
 "My dear David! They have eyes!"
 "Yes, but I should have told from their manner if they had."
 "Well, let's hope for the best. . . . I must ring off now."
 "Half a sec.!"

Stage the Last. "Well?"
 "Did you see that picture of Maxine Elliott in the Sketch? It reminded me tremendously of you. Just your hair and eyebrows and chin."
 "That's rather funny, because there was one of George Alexander that reminded me of you."
 "How awfully odd! . . . Well, Thursday, at seven, then?"
 "Upstairs at Romano's?"
 "I'll be there waiting for you."
 "Good-bye, dearest!"
 "Good-bye, darling!"

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA: THE PHOTOGRAPHER AS RECORDER.



A GOOD JUDGE, TOO: MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM DRIVING THROUGH THE PARK ON A SLEIGH ON HIS WAY TO THE LAW COURTS.

Photograph by Park.



UGH! THE COURT OF HONOUR OF THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION UNDER A MANTLE OF SNOW LAST WEEK.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



AUTHOR OF "NAN PILGRIM": MRS. MABEL DEARMER.

A special matinee of Mrs. Dearmer's "Nan Pilgrim," which received its first hearing on Sunday evening, was given at the Court Theatre on Monday. In the cast were, amongst others, the Misses Lillian Braithwaite, Evelyn Weeden, and Agnes Thomas, and the Messrs Ben Webster, A. Holmes Gore, William Haviland, and Edward Sass.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



WITH CROOK AND CORK JACKET: THE NEW EQUIPMENT FOR DOCK POLICE.

We illustrate the new fog equipment of the police on duty at the docks and wharves of London. The photograph was taken at the London and India docks.



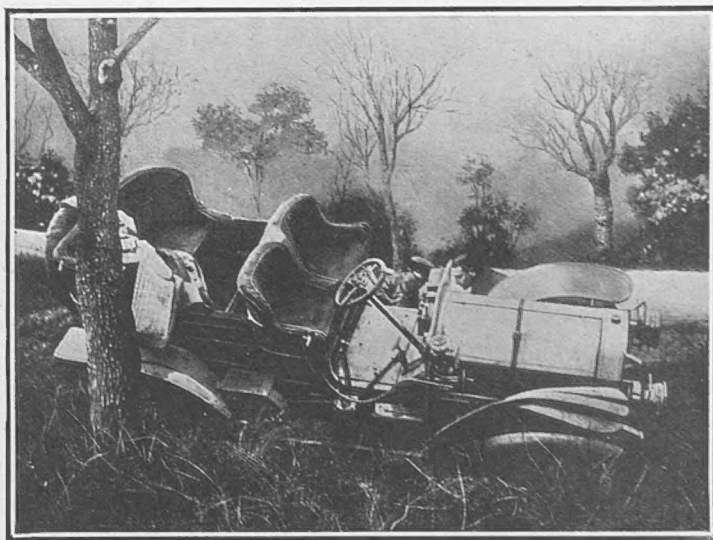
A FAMOUS SHAKESPEAREAN CLOWN: THE LATE MR. GEORGE R. WEIR.

Mr. Weir, who died last week at the age of fifty-six, was for long Mr. F. R. Benson's right-hand man, and was one of the best Shakespearean clowns of his day. The photograph shows him as the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet." Mr. Weir had been one of the Benson company for over twenty-five years, and was the last of the original members to remain in it.—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]



AFTER THE DISASTER THAT DELAYED THE KING'S TRAIN: THE DERAILED ENGINE AT TONBRIDGE, JUST AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

The collision took place at Tonbridge, and resulted in the death of two men, and injury, more or less serious, to eleven others. The trains concerned were the second part of the 9.5. a.m. Continental mail express from Cannon Street to Dover and the 8.30 a.m. from Charing Cross to Dover, Ramsgate, and Margate. By the disaster, the King was delayed somewhat, his Majesty's train being stopped at Bickley, and the journey being continued on the Chatham line.

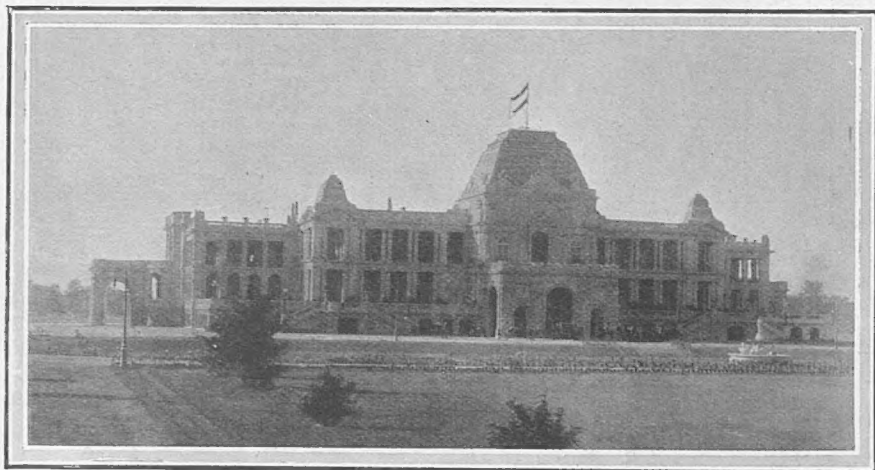


AFTER THE ACCIDENT TO THE KING OF SPAIN'S AUTOMOBILE: HIS MAJESTY'S CAR ON THE SCENE OF THE MISHAP.

His Majesty's escape was rather a narrow one—not the first he has had. He was motoring to Villamanrique, when the steering-gear failed. The car swerved, and in a moment was over. Nothing but his Majesty's presence of mind in putting on the brakes at once, and so lessening the force of the impact, prevented the mishap taking really serious form. King Alfonso proceeded on his journey on the car of Bombita, the famous matador, who happened to be motoring on the same road.—[Photograph by Nuevo Mundo.]

THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA'S PALACE.

A REMARKABLE work has recently been brought to a completion in Northern India—the building of a Palace on modern European lines, with European decorations and furniture carried out in historic styles. This Palace has been built



THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA'S NEW PALACE.

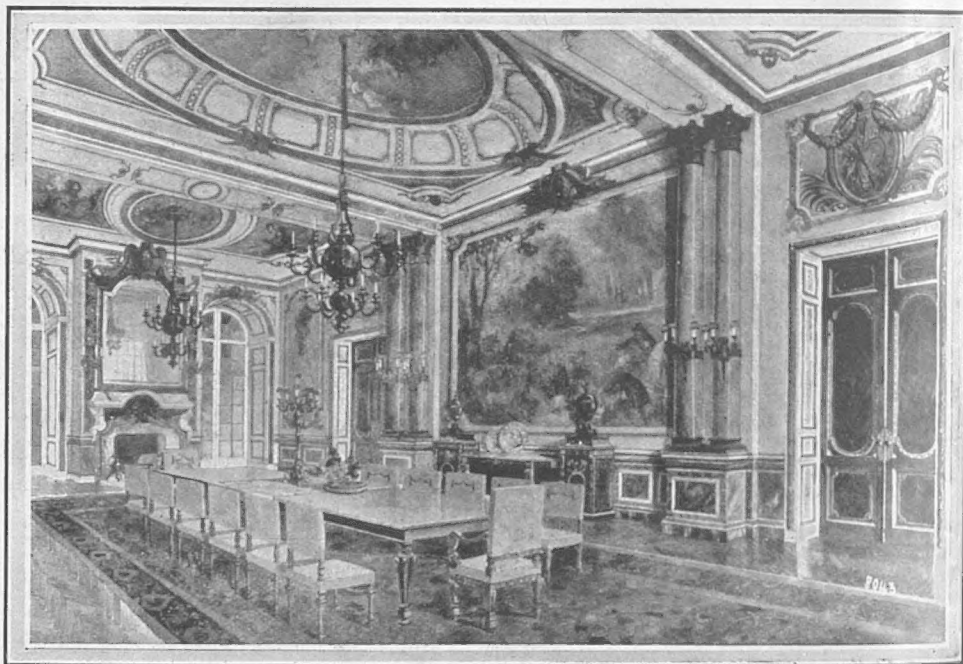
at Kapurthala by the Maharajah, a man of great culture and enlightenment, with a profound desire to improve and educate the section of the Sikh people over whom he rules.

A vast work of this kind has a national bearing and importance for India itself. For one thing, it will have an educational value. Another important point is that remunerative employment has been given to a large number of Indian workpeople throughout a prolonged period of famine and distress. These local artisans have not only been able to combat the anxieties of the famine, but they have been furnished with an opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of European methods of building and decoration, and this knowledge has already borne fruit in the employment of many of them in works of a similar nature in other parts of India.

Erected from the plans of a French architect, and carried out under the direction of Mr. Bowden, an accomplished engineer lent

by the British Government, the completed Palace is a handsome building. In the majority of the large number of rooms which it contains—vast apartments for reception, suites of rooms for guests, library, smoking and billiard rooms, etc.—the French styles of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze and the massive but rich English Georgian style have been employed. So effectively has the work been accomplished that one is struck with amazement that in this remote principality in the heart of the Punjab there has been called into being a series of decorated rooms which would excite admiration in any part of the world. The decorative work has been carried out by Waring and Gillow, Limited, with a completeness as well as a perfection of taste which furnish one more proof of their unique organising skill in dealing with large contracts thousands of miles from their base of operations.

Of the fifty rooms decorated by them, the most notable is the Grand Salon in the Louis Quinze style, which, with its white - and - gold decoration,



THE LOUIS XIV. BANQUETING-HALL, DECORATED AND FURNISHED BY WARING'S.



LOUIS XV. SALON, DECORATED AND FURNISHED BY WARING'S.

gilt furniture, and Aubusson tapestries, presents a picture in every respect worthy of the great decorative age whence its inspiration was derived. The great Banqueting-Hall, in the Louis Quatorze style, is another fine apartment, with an artistically painted ceiling. It is no exaggeration to say that Waring and Gillow have produced in this Northern Indian palace salons and halls which, for decoration, are unsurpassed anywhere. Moreover, the best up-to-date European ideas of comfort have been given a practical form, and everything that science and experience could suggest has been done to satisfy the conditions of a climate characterised by great extremes of heat and cold.

The Maharajah has recently opened his new Palace with a ceremony to which many distinguished guests were invited.

The photographs are by Messrs. Craclock, of Lahore.

A REMARKABLE "GOING AWAY": THE WESTINGHOUSE WEDDING.



MR. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, INVENTOR OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAKE, AND MRS. WESTINGHOUSE, PARENTS OF THE BRIDE-GROOM, MR. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.



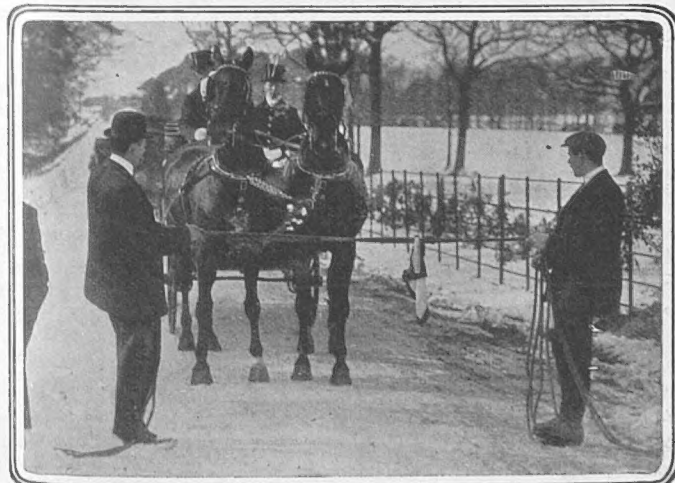
THE BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS EVELYN VIOLET BROCKLEBANK) AND THE BRIDEGROOM LEAVING IRTON PARISH CHURCH AFTER THE CEREMONY.



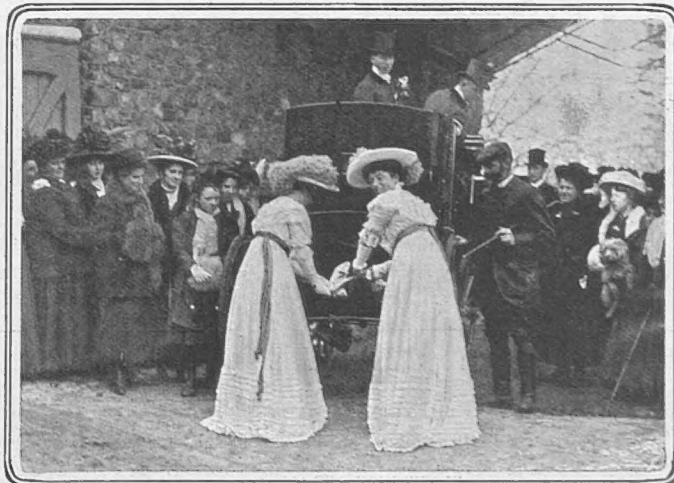
MRS. WESTINGHOUSE, MOTHER OF THE BRIDEGROOM, AND LADY BROCKLEBANK, MOTHER OF THE BRIDE, ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH FOR THE WEDDING.



"MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE LEFT FOR THE CONTINENT": THE BRIDE'S TWIN SISTER DRIVING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM TO THE STATION AFTER THE RECEPTION AT IRTON HALL.



AN OLD CUMBERLAND CUSTOM: LEVYING TOLL ON THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY IN THE CHURCH.



BRINGERS OF GOOD LUCK: TYING SLIPPERS—TO SAY NOTHING OF AN OLD BOOT—TO THE BACK OF THE BRIDE'S CARRIAGE.

The wedding took place in the parish church of Irton, Cumberland. The bride is a twin daughter of Sir Thomas Brocklebank, Bt., of Irton Hall; the bridegroom, son and heir of Mr. George Westinghouse, of Pittsburg, Pa., inventor of the world-known brake that bears his name, and a millionaire. The bride's twin sister, who won the coaching competition at Olympia last year, drove the newly wedded pair to the station, a distance of some five miles, on a coach-and-four.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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ABODE OF LOVE.****THE CURSE OF OPIUM-SMOKING**

THE

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



On Being in Bed.

Not through any fault of my own, bless you, so don't run away with that old notion, I've been cooped up in bed for some days, sneezin' till I brought it to an art, sniffin' something flung five times on my handkerchief, on a dozen handkerchiefs, out of a small and insignificant bottle that makes the throat go all cold. A rather pleasant way of passin' the time till you get bored with it. Yes, flue, I fancy. No pains, no. Just a devil of a runnin' cold, with a quinine head, and a three-days beard. Haven't had any excuse for stayin' in bed after hours for years. Theoretically, whatever that means, I loathe bed in the daytime, d'y'see. I can't stick a bedroom for one second after I've done with it. Dead-sea fruit, I suppose. I dunno. The fact remains. In the winter you can't seem to read, and, when you can, the draught rushes under the clothes and your wrists get cold. In the summer you fall to watchin' that meaningless but athletic thing, the house-fly, committing mazy manœuvres close to the ceiling, till you grow giddy. And both in winter and in summer you hear sounds below, above, and outside that tease you into a bigger desire than ever to be out on the stump, out in the push. Anyway, that's my feelin' on the matter. I'm not disagreeable. I'm only just a bit gummy. Because, y'see, as you may have gathered from the general fugginess of my remarks, I'm writin' this excessively interesting paper in my bedroom. It's true that my pyjamas put every Turner sunset in a corner; it's true that my handkerchiefs throw a glow of colour upon the eiderdown; it's true that my slippers lie like a couple of scarlet runners upon a Persian rug, and that therefore colour abounds. Well, but that don't make up for the fact that every two hours my man walks up triumphantly and stands over me while I drink a poisonous dose of filth.

At the Servants' Mercy.

How servants do love to get one in bed, and prance with a sort of noisy quietness about the room, tidyin', as they call it—which means messin' about with things they wouldn't ordinarily dare to meddle with. What? My man don't bully or anythin' of that sort. Shouldn't mind that. He gloats, and looks at me with a perpetual

half-smile that gives me a huge desire to leap out and shake him. I give you my word that when I told him I felt seedy the other morning, and asked him to ring up the doctor, a look came into his face that conveyed to me, "Good! Hope you'll be in bed for a week, my boy. I'll take it out of you!" So I made an effort, began to whistle, made plans to luncheon at the club and dine somewhere else, and was dashed breezy, and so forth. No earthly. Every time I caught my man's eye I knew that he twigged what I was up to. I was at his mercy, and he knew it. You should have seen him makin' careful notes of the times and the amounts of my medicines! You should have seen the purrin' way he came in, glanced at the clock, tripped on the balls of his feet to the medicine-table—he rigged up a special table for the bottles, to annoy me—went through all the preparation of glasses and water and all the rest of it, mixed and brought me the beastly stuff, giving me



UNNECESSARY ALARM.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

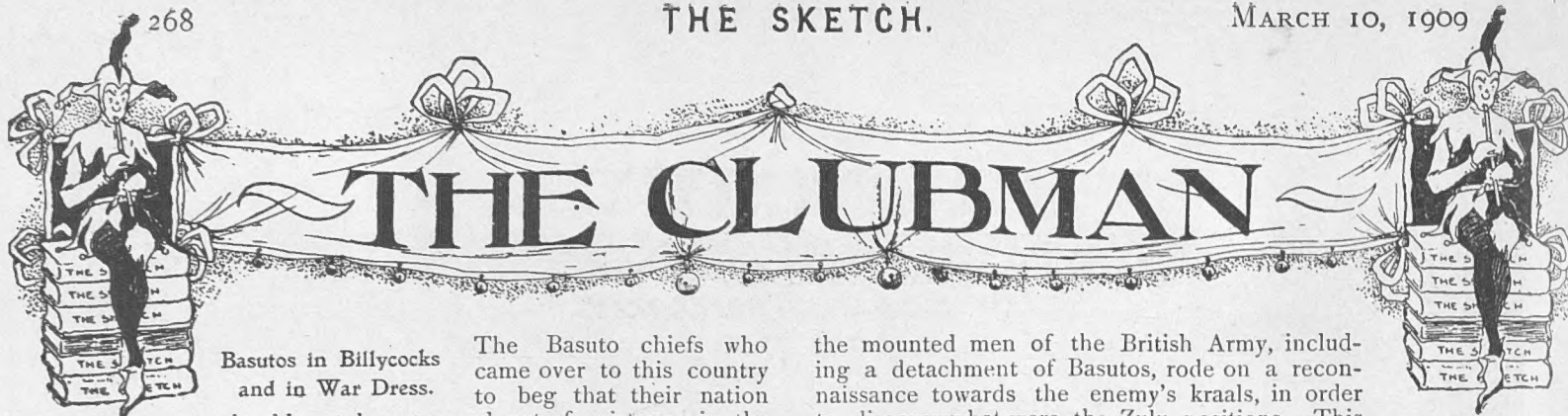
FIRST SUFFRAGETTE: How degrading!

SECOND SUFFRAGETTE: Disgusting! I should like to see the man that would dare to treat me in that fashion!

about half an inch too much. Not that my man has a downer on me, mind you. Not a bit! He adores me. I'm his hero. But it's just human nature. When I'm ill he gets his only chance of nailin' me down to regular things. He gets me wholly to himself. His importance nearly chokes him. That's it. That's the whole point. It's another form of egoism—like being a Suffragette or a Christian Scientist. I'm not quarrelling with him; I'm only just pointin' it out as an interesting psychological fact.

Injecting Against Colds.

A pal of mine, who drives an exquisite ball and approaches like a scientist, to say nothing of many other things that he does well, rang me up, and on being told, tobbily, of my condition, urged me to follow his example and go to a doctor who injects against colds. What? How d'y'ou like the notion? You get your feet wet, or sit in a theatre with an 80-h.p. draught playin' on the back of your neck from the L.C.C. exit, feel certain that you're in for a cold, taxi. off to this doctor, and he laughingly stabs you with a little needle, you feel sore and speculative for twenty-four hours, and—no cold. I call that hot, but, well, I dislike bein' stabbed, somehow or other, and I don't fancy that I shall hunt this joker out. I shall just put up with my man's grin and sneeze, in the fine old English way—what?



Basutos in Billycocks and in War Dress.

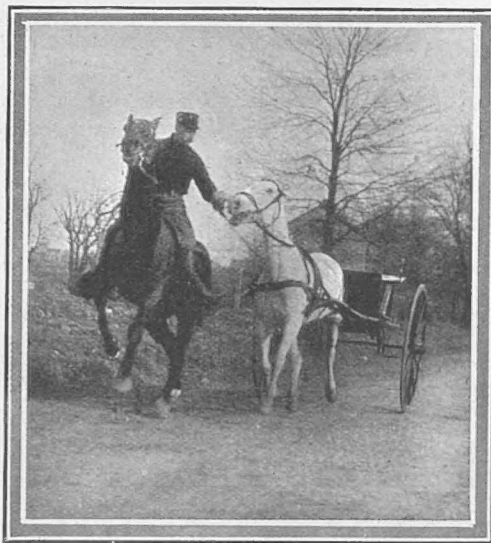
Union of South Africa were not very imposing figures in European garb, for the noble brown man never appears very noble or very much at ease in a billycock hat and a frock-coat, but I should dearly have liked to have seen that escort of 15,000 mounted Basutos which met Lord Selborne and rode with him to Maseru, the chief kraal of their country, chanting a song of praise. The slow, simple war-songs and hymns of praise of all the South African tribes are immensely impressive, and to hear an impi singing a song before battle or welcoming a great chief is an unforgettable experience. I have written before, I know, of the song of the Zulu regiments before the battle of Ulundi; and a war-song almost as thrilling was that sung by the friendly natives on the morning they crossed the Blood River into Zululand, to go, so many of them, to the shambles at the dread hill of Isandula.

Basuto and Boer. Basutoland lies high up on a great mountain plateau, and during the fighting between the British and the Boers in the last war the Basutos up on their heights looked on as if from a grand-stand, saw the smoke of the camps and the dust of moving columns, and longed with the immense longing of ardent warriors to join in the fray. They have old scores to settle with the Boers. At one time all the fertile land (some of the best farms in the country) which lies along the base of the mountains, belonged to the Basutos; but the Boers seized these farms. There is some splendid land up on the mountain plateau, and that land was a Naboth's vineyard to the farmers of the Orange River Republic. It was the dread that United South Africa might grab Basuto territory that brought the Basuto warriors over to this country to see our and their King.

The Basuto Ponies. The King has expressed his willingness to accept a pony as a gift from the Basuto nation, and I have no doubt that he will receive the most wonderful shooting-pony in the world. It is one of the puzzles of South Africa how a race of mountaineers such as the Basutos are should be magnificent horsemen, and how the Basuto pony became a definite species, having the gentleness of a dog and the surefootedness of a goat. There is no country so rough or so steep that it can stop a Basuto on his pony; and if the Basutos were as good shots as they are good horsemen they would be the perfection of mounted infantry. They have an abundance of pluck and quite cool heads in any moment of danger. Two days before the battle of Ulundi all

The Basuto chiefs who came over to this country to beg that their nation should not be squeezed out of existence in the

the mounted men of the British Army, including a detachment of Basutos, rode on a reconnaissance towards the enemy's kraals, in order to discover what were the Zulu positions. This was successfully done, the order to retire was given, and the great cloud of mounted men cantered back towards the British camp on the river. The little group of Basutos kept temptingly near the Zulus, who, thinking that they had gained a victory, were in full pursuit. Sir Redvers Buller, who was in command of the reconnoitring force, and who did not wish to have to fight an engagement to extricate the little group of Basutos, sent Lord William Beresford to tell them to hurry up. Lord William delivered his message with brevity. The leader of the Basutos, who spoke a little English, smiled blandly at him. "All right, all right, Johnnie. Perhaps want ponies to-morrow," was his excuse and reply.



A HORSE THAT RUNS AWAY AS A PROFESSION: MISS DUFFY BEING CAUGHT.

The police horses of America undergo training that is as thorough as it is practical. Miss Duffy, here shown in the shafts, is specially trained, at the farm at Jamaica, Long Island, to run away, that other horses may be taught how to behave while their riders are stopping runaways.

One of these ponies, a little red fellow, was a Basuto, and I took a fancy to him. I offered the bibulous gentleman £8, which was about the market price, for him, and it was accepted. I led the pony back to camp by a reim tied round his neck, and the men at once christened him "Carrots."

At Isandula.

He was a wonderful little fellow; no rations were ever drawn for him, but he lived and thrived on what my two horses didn't want. On a very long march, I always rode him for the last part of it, for when the horses were

stumbling from fatigue, Carrots was just as fresh as paint. The Zulus got him at Isandula, but could not keep him. I had left him in camp on the day of slaughter, and when Lord Chelmsford's force came back to the hill, our horse-lines were empty. In the pitch-black night, as we lay awaiting an attack from the Zulus, something came tearing down the line, to be received with a straggling volley. This unseen terror stopped when it came to our men, and Carrots, his head-



AN UNWILLING PUPIL OF THE POLICE: LASSOING A KICKER WHO HAS REBELLED AGAINST HIS SCHOOLMASTER.

The Police Riding-School and Horse-Training Farm of New York is on Long Island. Horses are bought on the condition that if they cannot be trained within thirty days they may be returned to the seller. "Fit for police duty" means that a horse must be broken to the saddle, and go in single and double harness in case of emergency service. Horses are also taught how to behave when a crowd is pressing upon them, not to be afraid of noise, and so on.

stall gone and with an assegai-scratch across his nose, picked his way across the recumbent men, and pushed, next to my charger, into the circle of horses.

WHY BOTHER TO HAVE YOUR CHILDREN PHOTOGRAPHED? THE TEDDY BEAR AS SITTER.



THE PORTRAITURE OF THE MOMENT: POSES BY THE FAMILY PET.

The popularity of the Teddy bear is as great as ever, and it may well be asked whether he is not even more in vogue than the child. So far has the craze gone in the north that it is customary to have Teddy photographed in his Sunday best and in various attitudes. Possibly, now that Mr. Taft is in office, Teddy will lose some of his hold upon the public, for are we not told that the 'possum is to be to the new President what the Teddy bear was to the old?

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



A POLITICAL DÉBUTANTE: MISS MARJORY BRYCE.

Miss Bryce is a niece of our Ambassador to America, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Annan Bryce.

Photograph by Thomson.

recovering in a mechanical chair. But this rheumatism left hardly a trace; and the erect but delicate figure has passed vigorously down all the succeeding ranks of years.

Evicted. Brooke House is as little-likely ever to be inhabited by Lord Brooke and his bride as, say, Marlborough House by the Duke of Marlborough, or Dudley House by Lord Dudley, or Bute House by the Marquess of Bute. His boyish memories of the family mansion, with its delightful face upon the Green Park, and its front door opening on to the courtyard that, quickly crossed, took him into a home at Stafford House, must always endure; but it is now some years since Lord and Lady Warwick were able to afford to occupy their own town dwelling, and now it is let unfurnished for a long term to Miss Dodge. This lady's taste and fortune are finely displayed in the decorations of Brooke House, and she would find it easy enough, one supposes, by a nod of the head to justify the coronet that still adorns the fabric of the house.

The Passing of the Shawl. The two daughters of the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, who is an Hon.

A.D.C. to King Edward, have during their stay in London spent almost as much time in a portrait-painter's studio as in the fitting-rooms of Bond Street. The Court dresses—European, of course, for the present generation of daughters of Maharajahs have no use for Indian shawls—are sufficient explanation of all such visitations. Princess Protiva, the

younger of the two pretty sisters, is especially interesting to the Englishman, for it is she whom Dame Gossip has linked to Ranji, Prince of the Bat and Jam of Nawanagar.

Polo-Playing at Cannes.

While undaunted boys and girls threw snowballs in Kensington Gardens, flowers were being bandied about at Cannes. There is polo, too, at Cannes; and the Duke of Westminster is there, in mourning, but with polo for a passion. He has withdrawn his colours from the racecourse in England, but whether or not he will remain among the spectators at Cannes is not a matter of much doubt among his friends. The etiquette of

grief has become less formal than of old, and everyone must commend such laxity as every healthy exercise implies.

Too Few Cooks. Though the beautiful arm of Georgina Lady Dudley is not easily associated with pots and pans, she has given her name to the cover of a book on cookery. The fact is that Lady Dudley

has been a great diner-out, and has often begged from her hostess the recipe of a dish that specially delighted her. There is talk of a possible revival of interest in practical cookery on the part of young ladies, some of whom will one day be heads of large houses; and certainly such a movement would come as a boon and a blessing to men. In no European country are girls quite so ignorant domestically as they are in England; and though, as Disraeli noted, in private theatricals the young peeress insists on playing the part of housemaid or dairymaid, she could not make a bed, much less a pat of butter.

An Austrian Alliance.

The Countess Hoyos bore the good news of her daughter's engagement to Lady des Vœux's afternoon party last week. The Countess Camilla Hoyos is to take a very British name in exchange for her very Austrian one—if she does relinquish it—in marrying Mr. Samuel Pepys Cockerell, who, instead of following the great diarist's footsteps in the Admiralty, follows his father's in the Foreign Office. Mr. Cockerell, who is only twenty-nine, has already had much opportunity for the observation of his fellow-creatures in London and Madrid, and already knows a code; but what his future wife should not allow is much scribbling. Samuel Pepys has been very useful to historians; but few people think the better of him as a man by reason of his self-revealings.

Lenten Dances.

Lent hardly interferes with the dancer, and last week Chandos House looked almost as gay as in its greatest days. It is not a century since Baron Tripp led the campaign of the waltz in this country. The Dukes of Devonshire of the latter days have so little of the ball-room look that it is very curious to remember Devonshire House as the headquarters of a dance regarded in those days as exceedingly giddy. Much demur, it will be recalled, was made on moral grounds; but Baron Tripp and M. Bourbonnais (before the one committed suicide and the other was eaten by cannibals) did much for the popularity of the waltz. Another Lenten dance is that promised by Lord and Lady Robert Brudenell-Bruce, at their new house in Beaufort Gardens.



THE HOSTESS OF SIDMONTON: MRS. A. DE PARTIAL KINGSMILL.

Mrs. A. de Partial Kingsmill, who is the pretty wife of one of the smartest officers in the Grenadier Guards, is well known in the neighbourhood of Newbury, where she is hospitable hostess of a beautiful place called Sidmonton. She also entertains a good deal during the racing season, and is actively concerned in all the military charities.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY MAJOR FRANCIS W. HEATH: MISS DOROTHY HARDCASTLE.

Miss Hardcastle is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frank Hardcastle, of Lancaster Gate. Major Heath is of the Royal Horse Artillery. [Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE OF THE YEAR: MISS MYRTLE ABERCROMBY.

Miss Abercromby is a daughter of Lady Northbrook by her first marriage, to Sir Robert Abercromby of Forglenn.

Photograph by Lafajette.

THE APACHES WHO DO NOT DANCE :

LIFE IN THE VIENNESE SEWERS.



VIENNA, like all other great capitals, has its Apaches, and its homeless men and women. Many of these, both Apaches and homeless, live in the sewers and in the canal-pits of the city. Attention was recently drawn to this by a well-known judge of the Viennese Criminal Courts and an equally well-known journalist with the result that something is to be done to assist the wanderers of the world so far as the centre of Austrian life is concerned. On the other hand, it is instructive to note that the lectures that were being given on the subject were stopped by request of the authorities, who held that such matter should

not be made too public, for the good of the people as a body. The attitude seems a strange one in these days when the problem of the poor is before all ; and especially does it seem so when it is remembered that no precise accusation was made against the authorities, who, it seems, are doing all in their power to lessen the evil. We are told that the chief centre sought by the homeless at night is in the neighbourhood of the famous Prater, which is to Vienna what Hyde Park is to us.

1. A VIENNESE APACHE SLEEPING IN A BOAT.

2. HOMELESS MEN IN A SEWER BENEATH THE STEPHANIE BRIDGE.

3. AT REST IN A SEWER NEAR THE FERDINAND BRIDGE.

4. SLEEPING ON BENCHES, WITH ARMS RESTING ON A TABLE, AT ERDBERG.

5. ASLEEP IN A CANAL-PIT UNDER THE FRANZENS BRIDGE.



MR. RALPH PETO, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS RUBY LINDSAY, NIECE OF THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

Photograph by Mayall.

and impressive features, and Orville of the blue eyes and nervous manner, are forty-two and thirty-eight years of age: both were born at Dayton, Indianapolis, and are the sons of a prelate of a religious sect peculiar to the States. And Miss Wright, who is very like Orville, is perhaps the best sort of sister any two such men could desire.

"Zeppelin for Ever." If for the moment the Wrights fill the horizon and the sky, Count Zeppelin has not been forgotten. The King and Queen of Würtemberg were present at the marriage of his daughter, the Countess Zela, to Freiherr V. Brandenstein. Count Zeppelin has no son, and the royal wedding-gift to the bride was a special patent enabling her to succeed to her father's title. That there are to be Zeppelins of the future is as it should be.

Romances of the Peerage.

thrilling a *cause célèbre* as innumerable romances of the Peerage have done in the past, and even, it may be said, in the present? Yes, say those who are in a position to judge, for in this case are all the elements of wildest romance—that is, a future peer, a beautiful dancer, a secret marriage, and not one, but actually two, claimants to one of the most splendid of the stately homes of England—namely, Knole. The whole story reads like a sensational novel; no stage effect is spared.

Other Cases Recalled.

In some ways the Sackville Peerage case recalls the strange story of the Poulett Earldom; but, unlike the claimant to the Sackville title, the organ-grinder who for so long was allowed to announce far and wide that his real name was Viscount Hinton never till he was grown up saw the man whom he claimed to have been his father. At the time the organ-grinder brought his first case before the Courts it was cleverly said of him that "though with luck he might hope to obtain the shell—in the shape of the title—the fat oyster (that is, the splendid Hinton St. George estates) would undoubtedly pass to the youth whom he declared to be his younger half-brother. As we all now know, the picturesque organ-grinder did not even obtain the shell, let alone the oyster; but he gave

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS

THE Prince of Wales is to attend the coming dinner of the Royal Automobile Club at Covent Garden Theatre; but how many of the guests will be intent on aeroplane living and high thinking rather than on the lowly and bygone motor of the road? "The great little men," as the Wrights have been called, and their machines, are obstructions to the other enthusiasm, and nobody can get at the moment very excited about tyres and mudguards. The Wrights never use them! Wilbur of the bald head

the present Peer and the Poulett family a great deal of trouble, and at one time, even in Debrett, the Poulett Earldom was described as dormant. Curiously enough, young Lord Poulett, like his father before him, also made, last September, a secret marriage, his bride being the daughter of the well-known comedian, Mr. Fred Storey; but the "secret" was only a secret for a very few hours.

Druce-Portland. Infinitely more thrilling than the Poulett case from every point of view was the extraordinary Druce-Portland imbroglio. During the time that this case lasted—



LADY EVELYN GUINNESS, WHO ENTERTAINED THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Thomson.

came on in the Courts—the amazing tale of what was said to have been so amazing a marriage, and the even stranger romance of a Duke turned upholsterer, excited as much feeling among the public as had done the Tichborne case. Here also, as we know, not one but several claimants were defeated, and the titles and estates of two great noblemen, the Duke of Portland and Lord Howard de Walden, remained with "the men in possession."

Exit Roosevelt. Enter Taft.

The great American people watched with intense interest the inauguration of Mr. Taft, and all the kind things he and his predecessor have been saying to and of one another have been solemnly put on record. Fortunately for the new President and his wife, Mrs. Roosevelt is a large-hearted woman, and she has left everything in spick-and-span order for the newcomers—indeed, it is said that she took particular pains with the menu of the lunch which is always the first meal eaten by a new President in the White House! Mr. Taft is a solid, sensible-looking man, not so romantic a personality as was "our Teddy," but quite the type of American that inspires confidence in the

nervous, high-strung financiers who play so great a part in the life of their country. Mrs. Taft is a clever, tactful woman, and it is interesting to note that, for the first time in the history of the Great Republic, the President's wife was allowed to take a leading part in the inaugural procession. The new lady of the White House had, however, to face a very tiresome contretemps; six beautiful dresses ordered by her a few weeks ago—in fact, as soon as she knew she was about to occupy the post of first lady in the land—were not finished in time for the Inauguration, but, fortunately, the much-discussed "golden-rod" gown did at last arrive. The golden rod is, oddly enough, the emblem of many of the American States, and accordingly Mrs. Taft was well advised to choose a frock recalling this quaint and showy flower for the Inauguration ball. It was noticed with great satisfaction that the train worn by Mrs. Taft was a "democratic" and not a "monarchic" train—in other words, it was suspended from the waist instead of from the shoulders.



THE HON. PEGGY VIRGINIA COVENTRY, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNT DEERHURST, SON OF THE EARL OF COVENTRY.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS RUBY LINDSAY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. RALPH PETO.

Miss Lindsay is a niece of the Duchess of Rutland. Mr. Peto is in the Diplomatic Service.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

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PLAYERS — SMALL, SCOTTISH, AMERICAN, AND FOLLY-ISH.



1. THE RECORD-SALARY CHILD: MISS ELISE CRAVEN.

It is said that little Miss Craven receives £100 a week for appearing twice daily at the London Coliseum in the special sketch, "The Queen of the Fairies"—a record salary for a child actor. Miss Craven, it will be recalled, leapt into popularity in "Pinkie and the Fairies," in which she was the Fairy Queen.

3. MARIE-ALL-MIRTH: MISS MARIE DRESSLER, PRESENTER OF "PHILOPENA" AND "THE COLLEGETTES," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Miss Dressler, although assisted by an able company, practically carries both plays on her shoulders—a feat of which she is quite capable. In "Philopena" she appears as "Philopena Gesler, Heiress of her Father's Mustard Millions"; in "The Collegettes" she is "Tilly Buttlin, an Emergency Half-back."—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

2. THE RECORD-SALARY COMEDIAN: MR. HARRY LAUDER.

Mr. Lauder draws a salary that is greater than that of any other music-hall comedian. He has just returned from a five-months tour in the United States, where he has been an enormous success. According to his own account, he travelled 15,000 miles, gave 252 performances, and was banqueted 82 times.—[Photograph by the Philco Publishing Co.]

4. PELISSIER-ALL-PLANS: MR. H. G. PELISSIER, OF THE FOLLIES, WHOSE POTTED "ENGLISHMAN'S HOME" WAS BANNED BY THE CENSOR.

Mr. Pelissier is the presiding genius of the Follies. He "potted" "An Englishman's Home," but the Censor decided that the result was not good for the digestion of the public. Therefore, Mr. Pelissier produced it behind the curtain, permitting the audience to hear the wrecking of the home, and then to see it wrecked.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

War in the Making.

One of the most interesting items in the Public Accounts is the record of the sum spent on safes for the guarding of State secrets. If a couple of hundred pounds would well and truly keep our secrets from those who should not know them, the money might have been worse spent. But there are times when a State secret is better not a secret. Our narrow escape from war with the United States, through Palmerston's mischievous pig-headedness, is a case which will recur to most people. But abroad they would do well not to let their leaders too closely veil causes when wishful to reveal only effects. Had the French Senate known what was happening behind the scenes they might at the last hour have prevented war—they *might*, only *might*—with Germany. Eugène Rouher, the President of the Senate, got up a highly pacific speech, and went to the Senate with his notes ready. That speech would possibly have saved the situation. But at the very last minute

Louis Napoleon told him that this would not do; that he must deliver a warlike oration. And with no further notice Rouher did, speaking with fire and fury for war as if strife were the dearest desire of the representatives of the nation for whom he spoke.

Dandie Dinmont at Home.

The naïve confession of the aged negress who has been cooking a banquet for Mr. Taft, that she had never heard of him before, is fit to rank with the

Leipzig, some years ago. The idea was to find coal, but a thirst for scientific information was also part of the inspiration. It was a tremendous operation—diamond drill, hollow tubes for recording the character of the strata penetrated; elaborate means for registering temperature, and so forth. The top of the shaft was big enough to admit a man's arm, but at the lowest point a little finger would have filled the channel. The effect was that the engineers could boast that they had made a boring equal to the height, or rather depth, of Ben Nevis, and 1200 ft. below sea-level. Their length of rods weighed twenty tons, and took ten hours to draw up out of the boring. The temperature was pretty warm, needless to say—sufficient to show that a mile lower they would have touched boiling-point. But Sir William Ramsay's boring would cost five millions sterling, and take eighty years.

Sanatoria Consumption as a pro- to Let.

Consumption as a profession is the latest dodge of the wily unwilling, the doctors tell us. They know the symptoms, and live up to them, with the result that they enjoy the fat of the land wherever the charitable run homes for such. Hence we need not expect to have these institutions standing empty. America has got some on her hands which she would gladly utilise. They remain to her as the dilapidated relic of one of the strangest of the many strange fads which originate with her ingenious specialists. Somebody noticed what an exceptionally dry and equable climate is possessed by the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Here was the very thing for the consumptives—mildness, dryness, unvarying temperature—what more could the ailing require? To give practical expression to the theory they built a little colony of houses on the sandy floor of the cavern, and announced that all who would might go and be cured. But they had reckoned without the appalling gloom of the vast subterranean vaults. Better to die coughing in the daylight than be cured at the cost



THE TRAVELLING LOCKHART'S OF CHINA: A RESTAURANT ON A COOLIE'S SHOULDER.

It will be noted that the man not only carries the food he sells, but the stove with which he cooks it.

answer of a yokel at Stratford-on-Avon whom Toole and Irving interrogated. Yes, he had heard of Shakespeare; was he not a man who wrote something for the Bible? Scott had an experience equally as diverting when he met in Jamie Davidson, a hill-man, the original of his Dandie Dinmont. He had heard of his man, but not met him before he immortalised him. Dandie had not read the book, though he felt highly flattered at the notice that it had attracted towards himself. "It's only the dougs, and no mysel', that's in the book," he said, and believed, for he had not read it. Someone, to repair the omission, set out to read the novel to him. Dandie was horribly bored by it, and—fell asleep grumbling.

A Record Bore.

We are not likely to bore the ten-mile hole into the earth of which Sir William Ramsay has been speaking. The best thing we have done has been to get down a little more than a tenth of the journey—1877 yards, to be precise. It cost £10,000, and was carried out at Schladebach, near



A CASE FOR CLUES: A TRUNK FOR CARRYING OBJECTS THAT ARE TO BE EXAMINED FOR THE FINGER-PRINTS OF CRIMINALS.

Obviously, it is of the greatest importance that those articles bearing the finger-prints of supposed criminals that are to be examined under the Bertillon system should be most carefully packed for their removal from the scene of the crime in which they played a passive part to the police headquarters. Therefore M. Bertillon has invented this special trunk, with holders for things like plates, bottles, and glasses. Each object is so packed that the precious finger-prints cannot possibly be rubbed.—[Photograph by Liranger.]



IMITATING THEIR REMOTE ANCESTORS: A CAGE OF MEN DRESSED AS MONKEYS IN THE COLOGNE CARNIVAL.

Photograph by Topical.

of sight and gladness, said the patients. Even fish go blind in the caves. So there are the cottages to-day in ruins, still awaiting tenants who will repair them and make them their hospital and home.

LIVING PROOF.



MRS. BROWN (*to the new maid*): Well, Nora, I hope we shall get along very nicely; I'm not at all difficult to please.
 NORA: No, Mum; that's just what I thought the very minute I set eyes on the master.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Shylock as
Hamlet.

"Mr. Matheson Lang as Shylock." It is not an announcement which may be expected on the play-bills of the Lyceum Theatre when "Hamlet," which was revived last night, has completed its run, for the public would be rudely shocked at the idea of the most romantic and magnetic Romeo of the time, and one of the most interesting of its *jeunes premiers*, being transformed into an old man. Yet in the early days of Mr. Lang's theatrical youth the announcement might have been seen in his native town in the North of Scotland. He had been only a few months on the stage as a member of Mr. Benson's company when he decided that he ought to be a manager, and a week's holiday gave him the opportunity of gratifying his ambition. His company, largely recruited from Mr. Benson's, proves that even then he had a great deal of discrimination in discovering budding talent. It included Miss Nancy Price as Nerissa, Miss Elfrida Clement as Jessica (the part she played again in Mr. Bouchier's production of the play at the Garrick), Miss Helen Townsend as Portia, Mr. Charles Quartermaine as Bassanio, Mr. Leslie Faber as Solanio, Mr. Stanley Drewitt as Launcelot Gobbo, and Mr. Henry Ainley, one of the princes among juvenile actors, as two old men, Old Gobbo and the Duke of Venice, doubled for the sake of economy and combined with the stage-management.

Commercial
Travelling in
Shakespeare.

The company was practically one of beginners; in fact, these were the first big parts which some of them had ever played. Even to-day the memory of that first managerial venture is a source of amusement for Mr. Ainley and Mr. Matheson Lang, as they recall how the latter, in his managerial capacity,

interviewed the former and gravely rehearsed him to see if he would do for Old Gobbo. The production was designed as an elaborate one, with stage crowds composed of local amateur talent, effects off the stage, Venetian love-songs, and even a gondola. When, however, the company assembled at the theatre and found the limited space and resources at their disposal, most of the wonders had to be abandoned. Unfortunately, on the journey north, the costumes were lost, having been sent off as part of the property of a commercial traveller, and his trunks of samples were substituted for the young manager's wardrobe. It was Christmas-time, and the difficulty of rectifying the mistake in time was so apparent that Mr. Lang wired to

so anxious to see him that there was a magnificent crowd at the theatre, and he played to the record house since the building had been opened. Indeed, at the end of the week, he found that his first venture as a manager had closed not only as a distinct success in the eyes of the local public, but in an exceedingly satisfactory manner from the financial point of view, even though he does not look back with unmixed feelings of delight on his own performance of "the Jew that Shakespeare drew."



THE POTTED "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS": A FOLLY AS MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS MAGGIE SHAND.

"Olive Latimer's
Husband" as a
Pantomime.

It is little short of extraordinary the way in which people make mistakes in the plays they go to see. Only a few nights ago, when "Olive Latimer's Husband" was running at the Vaudeville, a girl sat in the pit. When the curtain fell on the first act she turned to her next-door neighbour and said—"Can you tell me when the songs and dances are going to begin?" "Songs and dances?" echoed the astonished neighbour. "Yes," said the girl. "And when is Cinderella coming on?" "Cinderella?" exclaimed the still more amazed neighbour. "Why, where do you think you are?" "Why, at the pantomime, of course," replied the girl; "that's what I came to see." Her amazement when she was told she was not at the Adelphi, but at the Vaudeville, and that there was no Cinderella, there were no songs and dances, and that she was assisting—as the French say—at a serious play, can be better imagined than described.

The Rock of
Gibraltar.

Mr. Charles Rock, who has made so great a success in "An Englishman's Home," at Wyndham's, was once, with two other well-known actors, Mr. William Cathcart and Mr. Eugene Mayeur, made to play a decidedly humorous and un-

expected part on the stage of real life. He was on tour with Sir John Hare, and was sharing rooms with the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned. They arrived at Southport, and found modest lodgings in a homely cottage in a street whose importance, or lack of it, can be easily gauged by the fact that it bore the name of "Railway Approach." The day after their arrival, as they were sitting down to dinner, the landlady entered and rather astonished them by asking if they would allow their names to appear in the visitors' list, as the local representative of the Southport visitors' list was outside. Naturally, they offered no objection, and Mr. Rock, at the suggestion of his comrades, wrote the names for the reporter. When the paper appeared, this is what they read: "Visitors to Southport, at No. 1, Railway Approach: Mr. William Cathcart, of London; M. Eugene Z. Mayeur, of Paris; and Mr. C. Q. Rock, of Gibraltar." The actors smiled.



ONE OF THE BELLES OF BRITTANY: MISS MARIE DESMOND, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE QUEEN'S.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

London for a new lot of dresses and postponed his opening until the following evening. The news that he was to play in his native town had created a great deal of excitement, and the public were



THE POTTED "KING OF CADONIA": MISS GWENNY MARS AS MISS GRACIE LEIGH.

Great British Industries — Duly Protected.

(SECOND SERIES.)



V.—IN THE SCRAMBLING-TRENCHES OF AN EGG-ARSENAL.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Sphinx Club.

metaphysicians, as, for anything I know to the contrary, it may be. It seems more probable, however, that it has something to do with journalism, since the guests of the evening



MR. ROBERT HICHENS, WHOSE PLAY "THE REAL WOMAN" IS BEING GIVEN AT THE CRITERION.

Photograph by Small.

Moberly Bell's auditors must have persuaded him to develop it.

Mr. Moberly Bell's Secret.

When I come to look into it, to weigh it, to meditate on it, I am more than ever regretful that I did not hear it explained. That is, if it was explained. Perhaps it was not, and the precise meaning remained Mr. Moberly Bell's little secret, his appropriate contribution to a discussion of a club called the Sphinx. Did he mean that modern journalism, and modern business and English gentlemanhood—or whatever the right substantive is—are all trying to do or to be the same thing? It is very, very sweet of them. But then, if it means that, is the English gentleman trying to be the ideal of a modern journalist, or how? I mean, which of the three has the root idea, which influences the others? Or does it mean simply that all three have in view, as their objective in life, goodness or the cardinal virtues? I am delighted to know it. The journalist may want to achieve a reputation for wit or wisdom, or to achieve a wide circulation; but that is a minor matter; his real desire, just like the modern business man's or the English gentleman's, is to be good. Beautiful. But I trust Mr. Moberly Bell did not, in too exclusive a spirit of patriotism, confine this tribute to these islands. I hope he allows that French journalists, and French men of business, and French gentlemen have this splendid ambition. . . . It did need a little explanation, didn't it? You see, it is simply my own interpretation that the three classes of people want, above all, to be good. He only said their ideal was the same. If he meant that journalists and men of business were English gentlemen, and had the corresponding ideals, he no doubt said a true thing, but it does not contribute much to one's knowledge of journalism and business.

Silent Carriages.

I have sometimes seen books recommended as suitable for railway journeys, journeys apparently of any length. But first catch your

I have just read an account of a dinner of the Sphinx Club. It is a mysterious name, rather suggestive to me of a club composed of

were Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and the subject they discussed after dinner was "The Trend and Ideals of Modern Journalism." In this case the club's name is a little ironical, as it seems to me: what secrets have journalists, *quid* journalists, that they do not rush to disclose? However that may be, I wish very much I had been there to hear Mr. Moberly Bell and Mr. T. P. O'Connor on their trend and ideals. The report in the *Times* was far too meagre for my curiosity. Mr. Moberly Bell is reported to have said that "the ideal of modern journalism is the ideal of business, the ideal of every act they ought to perform, the ideal of the English gentleman." It is a fine thought, and I am sure Mr.

NOVELISTS AS PLAYWRIGHTS.

train, so to speak. I mean you must first secure a possibility of reading in one. What is the good of having a book perfectly fitted to the train if your confounded fellow-travellers won't let you read it? I had such a book when I went to Oxford the other day—or, at any rate, one I wanted to read. But two men in the carriage prevented me. One was deaf, I believe: at least, his companion roared at him all the way. The roaring man had gone to live in a new place, and told his friend all about the railway service, the postal service—a complete list of trains and posts—the drainage of his house, his rent, his taxes, his rates, absolutely every uninteresting fact imaginable. His friend repaid him with long anecdotes about *his* silly self, and when they had exhausted all that, they discussed questions of ethics, the roaring man roaring louder as he grew more dogmatic and didactic. My book had no chance at all. Why should there not be carriages marked "Silence"? Only single travellers would use them, I suppose, because the others

would not like to confess that they preferred to read or sleep rather than talk to one another; and so one could enter them with a reasonable assurance of quiet. I am not a curmudgeon; I often enjoy a talk with a stranger; but when two friends, strangers to you, are talking, you can't join in, and it is a bore to have to listen to them. Silent carriages, by all means.

"An Old Wives' Tale."

A little late in the day—but I have explained my reasons for being late and its advantages before—I give my hearty commendation to this work by Mr. Arnold Bennett (Chapman and Hall). It is the complete history of two sisters, from childhood to old age and death; and when you have read it, you feel that you have known with rare thoroughness two human souls. One of the sisters has adventures in the ordinary sense; the other spends all her life quietly in a quiet country town. The matter and atmosphere of the book are divided between the two spheres with effect. Both are admirable, but the life of the country town is the greater achievement, because the rarer and the more difficult. The town is one of the "Five Towns" with which Mr. Bennett has made us familiar in other books and a play. One seems to live in it and know intimately the little tradesmen described in all their fortunes and misfortunes. The affair is never dull, and rises into vivid drama when one of them is goaded by a drunken wife into murdering her, and is subsequently hanged. But the contrasting colour of Paris in the late Second Empire comes in with remarkable effect. The burden of the book is pathos, the old pathos, which never stales, of growing old and dying, but there is much humour and comedy in it too. It puts its author at once among our most thoughtful and serious novelists.



MR. JOHN GALSWORTHY, WHOSE PLAY "STRIPE" HAS BEEN PRODUCED AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



MR. HENRY JAMES, WHOSE PLAY "THE HIGH BID" WAS PRODUCED THE OTHER DAY AT THE AFTERNOON THEATRE.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

THE MASTER OF THE SITUATION!



THE COLLECTOR: Oh, dear me, my Velasquez!

MARTHA, THE MAID: Yes, Sir: isn't it a good job it's only one of the old ones. instead of that nice new purple thing

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FLIRT.

BY EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

"THAT," said the Philosopher, rising from the table with a sigh, "upsets a theory."

His remark was addressed to no one in particular, but as his glance rested vaguely on the girl beside him; she took it as a sort of personal challenge to reply.

"Theories are made to be upset," she answered. The Philosopher regarded her with a sudden access of interest. "Especially," she added, rising too, "at roulette."

"Ah," corrected the Philosopher, "generalities are safer. Supposing we stroll into the Gardens and discuss the Laws of Chance till tea-time?"

"When is tea-time?" she demurred.

"Say, in half-an-hour," he suggested. "Half-an-hour always strikes me as a convenient period—non-committal and elastic."

"It's the oddest thing in the world to meet you here," said the Girl, as they made their way through the *Salles de Jeu*. "I thought you were on a long yachting cruise."

"So I was," admitted the Philosopher. "But adverse winds wafted us into Monte Carlo this morning."

"There's not a breath of air stirring," she commented absently.

"I was referring rather to—er—to the winds of Circumstance," he explained. "Maunceforth and I got so bored with each other's society that something had to be done. Maunceforth pulled out his chart and, discovering that we were miles nearer the coast than he imagined, a brilliant inspiration seized him. 'Let's put into Monte Carlo,' he exclaimed, 'and have a little flutter. Monte is tip-top in March, you know—the best people there and not too crowded. Eh—what?' 'Nonsense,' I remonstrated, 'you'll only lose a pot of money, as usual.' 'Bosh!' he retorted, 'I never gamble,' and he gave orders for the yacht to be headed straight for the bay. Maunceforth, alas! is not a philosopher."

"Poor Lord Maunceforth!" rippled the Girl. "No, I should hardly call him a philosopher; any more than I should call *you* one."

The Philosopher fixed her with a glance of cold rebuke.

"I *am* a philosopher," he stated.

"Oh . . . are you?" Her eyes danced. "I really beg your pardon. Of course, I—I didn't know that."

"One does not wear one's philosophy on one's sleeve," he explained with dignity. "Besides, I have only become a philosopher quite lately."

"Then that accounts for my not guessing it," she replied. "I always understood, too, that philosophers were awfully truthful people."

"They *try* to be," he qualified. "Also, they invent systems. For example, there's the Pythagorean System, the Socratic and the Epicurean Systems—and, finally, there's *my* System."

"Yours?"

"Yes. I invented it last week. That's why I tried so hard to dissuade Maunceforth from putting in at Monte Carlo—I knew how it would be. Monte Carlo is the grave of systems," he sighed.

"Oh—then yours is buried already?" she inquired with a swift side-glance.

"At the table," he nodded, "which we've just left. When, in defiance of the most exact mathematical calculations, the colour Black turned up for the seventh time, I regarded it as emblematical of the sad event. A theory of most portentous scientific gravity was entirely upset by this ridiculous appearance of Black. I beg you to observe, however, that though the theory was upset, *I* was not. It isn't so much inventing a System, as keeping one's temper when the System breaks down, that marks the true philosopher."

"I am sorry," she sympathised, "that your system has broken down so soon—for I suppose you will now return to the yacht at once and—and leave Monte Carlo?"

"By no means," said the Philosopher. "Indeed, I do not regret the calamity very deeply—although," he hastened to assure her, "it was a fine System. I undertake you would lose money at it much faster than you could even at Lord Rosslyn's."

"Then I consider it very plucky of you to have played it," rejoined the Girl with decision.

"So do I—amazingly plucky," acquiesced the Philosopher.

"But a man will risk much for the sake of a theory. . . . What do you say to the grotto by the dove-cot?" he paused on the last step of the Casino stairway to ask her. "It's cool, shady and—sequestered."

"I fancied, perhaps, you—you were going to add . . . appropriate," she murmured, with the least little flicker of an eyelid.

"The amendment is adopted," he promptly replied, as they turned down a side-path towards the gardens, and she put up her pink parasol. "So you thought it odd?"

"I thought *what* odd?" she demanded in some surprise. "The—amendment?"

"No; the resolution. Maunceforth's and mine—ours, in fact."

The Girl looked at him under her parasol.

"Do you mean his—your—resolution to put in at Monte Carlo?"

"You have divined my meaning exactly," said the Philosopher. "It was a kind of joint resolution—seconded by me, on protest."

"Oh—on protest." She made a little wry face.

"I had my System to consider," he explained.

"Yes, of course. I can realise the extent of the sacrifice," she said gently. "Still, I hope the situation is not *quite* without its—its compensations, after all."

"Thanks to the Laws of Chance," he replied, "I find the compensations far outweigh the—er—sacrifice."

"That's very sweet of you," she cooed. "So *you* didn't expect—either—to—to—"

"How could I?" he prevaricated. "The chances are always very heavily against meeting a particular person at a particular place at a particular time—especially when one is particularly anxious to see that particular person."

"And has had no particular means of ascertaining where that particular person may happen to be," she pursued thoughtfully.

The Philosopher glanced at her, but was only able to discern just the tip of her nose peeping under the edge of her parasol at him.

"*You* said it was the oddest thing in the world to meet me here!" he retorted, with the least shade of rebuke in his tone.

"I? Oh, but, you see, *I* had no particular means of ascertaining—had I?"

She raised the brim of her parasol, and met his glance archly. The Philosopher cleared his throat.

"Of course not," he agreed. "How could you? The—ah—the Mediterranean is so wide."

"And Monte Carlo the last place in the world at which one would expect to—well, to meet anybody yachting."

The grotto was empty, and the Philosopher noted the fact with complaisance. A little further along the pathway some nursemaids sat gossiping, while half-a-dozen children played hide-and-seek in the bushes round them. The soft, subdued cooing of doves close by produced an agreeably sedative effect; the air was cool and fragrant with those exotic perfumes peculiar to the Gardens of Monte Carlo; the sunlight slanted through the foliage and traced chequered patterns on the ground at their feet. The Girl sank on to the wooden bench with a little lazy sigh of content, and the Philosopher took his place beside her.

"Quite the last place in the world," he admitted. "If it had not been for Maunceforth's persistence—"

"And your system," she put in. "Don't forget your system."

"I'm not likely to," he assured her. "In fact, that was my strongest argument against coming here; but Maunceforth is the most obstinate man I ever encountered."

"He—he is rather obstinate," she conceded, digging the edge of her parasol into the gravel.

"Ah; then you have noticed it, too?" asked the Philosopher with sudden interest.

"Well suppose we say—determined?" she suggested as a compromise. "I think I should call him rather a—a determined man, wouldn't you?—once he has made up his mind to—to do a thing."

"No," said the Philosopher, with unalterable conviction. "Under those circumstances I should describe him as obstinate—distinctly obstinate."

"But it—it depends a little, doesn't it, on the—well, the—the kind of thing—don't you think?" she hazarded.

The Philosopher placed the tips of his fingers together and nodded.

"For example?" he inquired judicially.

"Well, then—"

She hesitated a moment. "For example, supposing he—he wanted to see somebody awfully particularly—some

[Continued overleaf.]

FOR THE TAXI—ONE BLAST.

(In these days of the triumph of the taxi, the hansom and the growler are hard driven to earn a living. Hence the eagerness with which they answer calls, even the single blast for the taxi—if no taxi is in sight.)



AN ILL WIND BLOWING NOBODY ANY GOOD.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

girl or other, you know—" Again she paused, and again the Philosopher nodded judicially.

"Taking it, of course, as a purely hypothetical case," he rejoined, "I should say that it might—possibly—depend a little on that."

"I am glad you agree," she answered, flashing a look at the Philosopher, and then laughed softly. "I thought you probably would!" she added. "It—it does, of course, make a difference."

"It depends," explained the Philosopher, ignoring this remark, and pursuing, as it were, his judicial train of thought; "it depends also a little upon the girl. Assuming, for instance, that the girl was inclined to be a flirt—"

"Like Agatha Slack, let us say?" she suggested.

The Philosopher looked pained. "Agatha Slack is a most serious-minded young woman," he reproved her. "She attends lectures and believes in women's suffrage, and all that kind of extraordinary rubbish. Personally, I admit, I do not care for a woman to be too serious-minded. Poor Agatha!" He sighed indulgently. "No, I certainly should not call her a 'flirt,' any more than"—he turned to fix his glance consideringly on his companion—"any more," he repeated, "than I should call *you* one."

"Oh, but—" The Girl looked up, caught his eye and blushed. "I—I am afraid I—that is—I, you know, I—" She stopped and bit her lip.

"I don't quite grasp your meaning," said the Philosopher, calmly surveying her.

"Well," she declared, meeting his gaze with unflinching audacity, "I believe I am inclined to be what you say Agatha isn't—there!"

"Where?" asked the Philosopher blankly.

"Where? Why. . . Oh, you really *are*! Well, then—a *flirt*, of course!"

"A *flirt*!" ejaculated the Philosopher, in amazement. "*You*? Impossible!"

"Impossible? How—how dare you be so rude!" she wrathfully exclaimed.

The Philosopher regarded her a moment as one regards a familiar object suddenly presented to him in an entirely new and unexpected light. "How very interesting!" he murmured, half to himself. "I really never should have guessed it."

"It must be nearly tea-time, don't you think?" demanded the Girl, flushing. The Philosopher gravely consulted his watch.

"Say in about ten minutes," he replied. "Ten minutes is such a convenient period—so elastic and reposeful." He half-closed his eyes, expanding his chest luxuriously. "I feel positively indebted to Maunceforth's obstinacy," he added. . . . "That second dove has a sort of baritone voice, not unlike Monsieur Gilly's. Curious. Have you noticed it?"

"No, I haven't," she retorted.

"Gilly," explained the Philosopher patiently, "is one of the artists singing here in the new opera, 'Le Cobzar.' But you were saying—"

"I was not saying anything. You don't give me a chance. I was merely listening to you."

"If my remarks bore you," said the Philosopher, sitting up rigidly, "pray do not hesitate to say so."

"They don't in the least," she protested. "I'm enjoying them awfully—I really am."

The Philosopher relaxed at once. "So am I," he confessed. "And, by-the-bye—I was nearly forgetting—there is something I wanted particularly to ask you."

"Yes?" she said, leaning towards him with an almost childish gesture of eagerness.

"Yes," said the Philosopher, clearing his throat. "I wish that dove would stop singing a moment—he distracts my attention. . . . Well, now, has it ever occurred to you that you are a very lovely and particularly adorable sort of little creature?"

The Girl slowly shook her head.

"N-no," she responded, in a tone of careful deliberation. "I—don't—think—it—ever—has."

"Nobody ever told you?" asked the Philosopher nonchalantly.

She puckered her brows in a strenuous effort of memory, and again shook her head. "I don't *think* so," she repeated. "I can't *recollect* anybody telling me just precisely that; but I am afraid my memory isn't *very* reliable in—in some things."

"Then I am glad to have the opportunity of being the first to inform you of the fact," said the Philosopher in his most urbane manner. "You *are* an adorable, lovely little creature."

"Oh . . . thanks," she murmured, looking down. "Thanks so much! It's—it's *so* kind of you."

"Not at all," said the Philosopher. "I speak from conviction, not caprice, and it's the happiest chance in the world that brought me to Monte Carlo at the identical moment that you and your dear, good aunt happened to be staying here."

"Chance?" echoed the Girl, glancing at him out of the tail of her eye.

"Well, to be perfectly candid with you," he replied, "chance was a sort of accessory before the fact. Maunceforth caught a

rumour at Naples. . . then there was my System. I did my best to dissuade him from coming—even against my own private inclinations."

She nodded thoughtfully. "The Laws of Chance *are* very curious—aren't they?"

"They are simply incomprehensible," he admitted. "Black should never—but, all the same, I am glad Maunceforth prevailed."

"Yes," said the Girl, absently prodding the gravel with her parasol—"yes."

The Philosopher turned towards her with sudden emphasis. "Then you are glad, too?" he demanded. "Glad I came?"

She raised her eyes to his, and they swam with mischief.

"I—I didn't say *that*," she protested. "Did I?"

"You said 'Yes, yes,'" he pointed out, "which is practically equivalent to an affirmation."

"I was thinking of something else," she confessed, blushing. "I—I think, perhaps, I had better tell you something—"

"Do," said the Philosopher encouragingly.

"Well—of course it—it *was* a terrible misfortune about your System—and all that; but you see, I happened to—to see Lord Maunceforth also this morning—before I met you in the Casino."

"Dear me!" murmured the Philosopher, "did you? I quite imagined he had remained on the yacht."

"No, he came ashore early—on purpose."

"On purpose?"

"To—to see me." She coloured slightly under the Philosopher's unwinking gaze.

"Dear me!" he repeated. "What an extraordinary fellow!"

"I don't see anything extraordinary about it!" she retorted, frowning. "It was the most natural thing in the world—considering. He—got my aunt's letter, you see, at Naples, saying we were coming to Monte Carlo. . . . He told me that, when he mentioned the fact to you, it was simply all he could do to prevent you from travelling down here by the next train!"

"What a shocking prevaricator!" exclaimed the Philosopher. "And he pretended he wasn't coming ashore till this evening! Let us—let us dismiss him from our thoughts," he added loftily.

"I am afraid I can't do that," she dissented. "At least, not altogether."

"Why?" demanded the Philosopher, fixing a stern eye upon her.

"Because," said the Girl, "because—" And at that moment the dove began cooing again.

"Those birds," declared the Philosopher testily, "ought to be shot. They are a perfect nuisance. To return, however, to the point. I am, as you see"—he made a large, declamatory gesture—"terribly devoted to you—terribly! In spite of my System, I came to Monte Carlo especially to see you—I confess it—and to ask you, to ask you, in fact—"

"No, no—don't, *please*," she interrupted hastily.

"And pray why not?" he demanded in an injured tone.

"Because—well, because of the same reason that—the dove interrupted just now."

"That," said the Philosopher, relieved, "was about Maunceforth."

"So is this," acknowledged the Girl.

"About—*Maunceforth*?" He stared.

"Yes." She looked down a little guiltily at the tips of her patent-leather shoes.

"Bless my heart!" ejaculated the Philosopher, taken aback. "What about him?"

"He asked me to marry him—this morning," she faltered.

"Ha! And of course you refused?" The Philosopher's tone was triumphant.

"No, I—consented."

"To marry Maunceforth?" The Philosopher's gaze held absolute incredulity.

"To marry Lord Maunceforth," she repeated slowly.

For a moment the Philosopher did not speak; then he glanced at his watch and rose.

"I fancy it must be about tea-time," he observed, with a profound sigh. "Let us go and find Maunceforth. I must congratulate him."

She rose, too, and placed her hand lightly on his arm.

"I hope you will forgive me?" she ventured penitently.

The Philosopher's glance brightened. "With pleasure," he assented.

"And you—you don't mind—*very* much?"

"Not a bit," he assured her. "On the contrary, it simplifies matters enormously."

The Girl withdrew her hand swiftly and bit her lip. The Philosopher's gaze rested on her face with unruffled composure. She looked up, and meeting his eyes, her frown vanished; she broke suddenly into a friendly little ripple of laughter.

"I am beginning to believe that you must really be a philosopher after all!" she remarked with conviction.

The Philosopher gravely took off his hat.

"And I," he rejoined, "am now quite sure that you are a—*flirt*!"

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE return of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid from Fifth Avenue, after a stay of three months with her father, Mr. Darius Ogden Mills, is an event of some importance to Dorchester House, as the centre of social America in London. There are, of course, many other ladies to guide the visitor from the States in the round of London; and both Mrs. William Rockefeller and Miss Irene Catlin were, in fact, presented at the last Buckingham Palace Court by Mme. De Villa Urrutia; but Mrs. Reid's knowledge of the capital is of very long standing, and her obligingness is unbounded. The



A DEBUTANTE OF NEXT YEAR:
LADY MOIRA GODOLPHIN
OSBORNE.

Lady Moira is the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and, through her mother, a niece of Lord Durham.

Photograph by Lafayette.

first visit she paid us dates back some twenty-seven years ago; but then an hotel in Dover Street, not a palace in Park Lane, was her lodging. The Reids, before they finally settled here, visited England for Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, and for King Edward's Coronation. Their more permanent presence here we owe to the fact that Mr. Whitelaw Reid on two occasions refused the offer of the United States Ambassadorship to Germany.

*Fifteen
Hundred
Smart.*

The Countess of Granard has lost no time in establishing herself

in Charles Street, and to-night's dinner and crowd is only a preliminary canter for a greater entertainment, when Mr. and Mrs. Asquith (and possibly an unbidden Suffragette) will be among her guests. Like Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's, the money she brings to England is part of the Ogden Mills pile; but she too, like Mrs. Reid, has behind her, in the playing of her social part, much more than money: she has manner, and she has manners. Lord and Lady Granard's receptions are held in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and the road as well as the house will be packed if all the invited, to the number of fifteen hundred, wait upon the Anglo-American bride.

No Taft-Hunter. By far the most popular appointment in the new American Cabinet is that of Mr. Franklin MacVeagh to the Treasury—the most popular in London, at any rate. For the new Treasurer has been a frequent visitor to the Metropolis, which had its last glimpse of him on the lawn at a Stafford House garden-party. Though the Duchess of Sutherland did not then divine that she was entertaining a future Secretary of the Treasury (and what a Treasury!), nobody who ever knew Mr. MacVeagh, even slightly, could have a second opinion about his capacity to administer, and to administer faithfully and well. Another thing is certain—that he has never sought office, never been a Taft-hunter.

Mr. MacVeagh looks the English gentleman to perfection, and that, I hope, he will think no bad compliment from an Englishman. The interest of the MacVeagh family does not end with

Mr. Taft's new Treasurer. Mrs. MacVeagh also has troops of friends in London, a city she knows better and its personages more intimately than many a Londoner for life. Her pearls of great price—her "ropes of pearls"—were worn once by Marie Antoinette; and they and their wearer have been admired by English eyes not in England only, but in Chicago itself, where the hospitalities of the delightful MacVeagh ménage are known to nearly every famous English journeyer out to California. No half-way house is half so friendly as theirs. The only son, Mr. Eames MacVeagh, is clever and charming.



THE FAMOUS EXPLORER OF TIBET AS HONORARY D.C.L. OF OXFORD: DR. SVEN HEDIN IN THE ROBES OF THE DEGREE CONFERRED ON HIM LAST WEEK BY THE UNIVERSITY.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

Cust, Custer, Custard.

Three generations of Sir Charles Cust's family have served the Court, and those who recall his grandfather's tenure of office as Master of Ceremonies to the late Queen, his father's as Gentleman Usher, and now know his own as Equerry-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales, find no better way of distinguishing between the three than as Cust, Custer, and Custard. In Sir Charles's third son, the family to the fourth generation seemed likely to serve the royal house; but he died while still but Page of Honour. Sir Charles, who has recently been celebrating his forty-fifth birthday, and who congratulates himself that he has filled the post of Equerry for considerably over a third of his years, is related to Mr. Lionel Cust, the accomplished Director of the National Portrait Gallery, whose often-deserted galleries have recently attained a too tragic prominence.



SERIOUSLY ILL: PRINCESS ALEXIS DOLGOROUKI (FORMERLY MISS FLEETWOOD WILSON).

The Princess was Miss Fleetwood Wilson. She is lying ill with a bad attack of inflammation of the lungs.

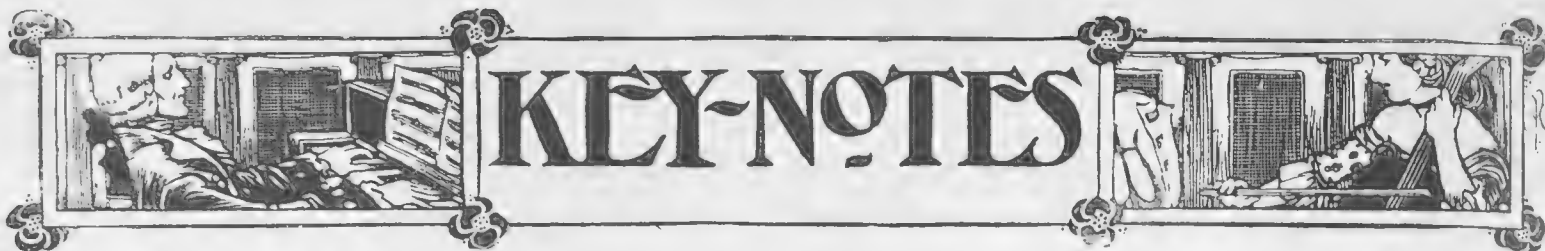
Photograph by Keturah Collings.

In the Clouds. Lord Bute has done something much more sensible than the shutting of himself up in a town house during this inclement winter. If there must be snow, let it be in plenty, and clean and crisp and sparkling! That was his programme when he set forth from our shores with Lady Bute, not forgetting his piper; and well has he fulfilled it in the Southern Alps. Montana is the headquarters of the Public Schools' Winter Sports Club, and there has Lord Bute disported himself; for, unlike most Roman Catholics, he went to a Public School, even to mundane Harrow, as his father had gone before him. What with dancing, and rinking, and sleighing, and ski-ing, and tobogganing, Lord Bute has been metaphorically as well as literally "in the clouds." And his piper has piped a piping to which everybody has danced.



AN ELEPHANT AS A WEDDING-GUEST: A GROUP AT THE MARRIAGE OF MR. LORD JOHN SANGER'S DAUGHTER.

The elephant helped to entertain the guests. In the group, from left to right, are Mr. Lord John Sanger, Mrs. Sanger, the bridegroom, the bride, Mrs. Ginnett, and Mr. F. Ginnett. The bride, as we have already said, is the daughter of Mr. Lord John Sanger; the bridegroom is Mr. John Frederick Ginnett, son of Mr. F. Ginnett.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



Claude Debussy. Many years have passed since a young student of music in Paris gained the Prix de Rome with a cantata called "L'Enfant Prodigue," and, having reached the Eternal City and taken up his quarters on the hilltop by the Pincian Gardens, sent a setting of Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel" to the Institute, which promptly rejected the work on no better grounds than the extreme modernity of its style. Nearly a quarter of a century lies between those days and these, but in that long time Debussy has remained true to his ideals, faithful to his own discovery, and now we may say of him, as Hegel said of Winckelmann, "He is to be regarded as one of those who, in the sphere of art, have known how to initiate a new organ for the human spirit." In days when a certain extravagance is too often associated with criticism, one must approach superlatives very carefully. They have been abused until their value is well-nigh lost, but bearing in mind the danger of prophecy and the ease with which enthusiasm tends to hurry the pen out of bounds, it is still possible to say with certain conviction that Debussy's work carries us to an unexplored world of music, and is the most significant addition to the musician's art since Wagner reached the supreme point of his achievements. Debussy's genius lies in the expression of the undefinable, in a musical rendering of the moods that beset us all just as long as we are content to enjoy without seeking to analyse them. It is an echo of the feelings that beset the observant man or woman in natural surroundings of extreme beauty, an echo, too, of such beauty as may be supposed to have filled the world in a simpler age, that knew nothing of the triumph of commerce or machinery.

The Pagan Spirit of his Art.

A special significance of Debussy's art is its purely pagan spirit. The musician seems to have gone in search of the great god Pan, to have found him, and to have gained permission to cut his reeds from the thicket into which Syrinx was transformed. There will be some who feel that Debussy has given them their heart's desire; there will be others who will find the spirit of his work far too elusive for them, and will console themselves by vigorous abuse. At the same time, they will do nothing to diminish the strength of the composer's position, for some of the work that was heard for the first time in London last week was written nearly twenty years ago, and has appealed to musicians and poets everywhere save in this country. Debussy is the leader of a new movement in music that is closely allied to the Impressionist movement in art. Among the painters, it took definite form in the early 'sixties, and its followers marched hopefully along the road to recognition, undeterred by all the forces of contumely and neglect. Their work has been well called the poetry of painting; Debussy's works may be called with equal fitness the poetry of music.

"Elektra." Mr. Alfred Kalisch, who brought the first news of "Salomé" to London, has performed the same good service for "Elektra," and at the Concert-goers' Club, with which the Society of British Composers and the Playgoers' Club



A WUNDERKIND INDEED: THE THREE-YEAR-OLD PILAR OSORIO, WHO PLAYS THE PIANO LIKE A MASTER.

Little Pilar Osorio is the daughter of a Spanish doctor who lives at Charlottenburg, and is half-sister of Pepito Arriola, who created something of a sensation here some months ago. Her talent first showed itself when, hearing a maid singing, she went to the piano and played the tune. She knows no notes, and plays by ear. Her technique is described as very good. The remarkable nature of her talents has interested not only musicians but scientists, many of whom have heard her.—[Photograph by Meyer.]

are now associated, lectured on Thursday night, with Strauss' latest opera for his subject. The exceedingly difficult part of musical illustration was taken by Mr. Hamilton Harty, though doubtless, had the lecturer not been compelled to be talking all the time, he himself could have done full justice to the score. The value of an introductory discourse upon a new opera must be patent to everybody; always considerable, it becomes greater still when the composer of the opera happens to be Strauss, for at a first hearing the best-trained ear is likely to grope painfully after sounds that have little or no significance when presented, to one who has never heard them before, by the full force of an orchestra selected to carry the composer's thoughts to battle.

The Richter Concert.

At the sixth concert of the London Symphony Orchestra last week, Dr. Richter secured a splendid reading of the "Eroica" symphony, though there were moments when the brass was conspicuously at fault. The novelty was a vocal scena, "The Ballad of the Bird Bride," by Mr. William Henry Bell, who, though he is still a young man, has produced much interesting work, and received a hearing in the best musical centres. The scena is founded on a poem by Rosamund Marriott Watson, a very delightful representation of an old Eskimo legend. It is a poem that might readily inspire a musician, but Mr. Bell's inspiration has not carried him very far. He writes cleverly and with a certain skill in scoring that stands him in good stead, but he has not really subordinated his music to the poem. He has used the words as a peg on which to hang certain musical thoughts that do not vary sufficiently with the mood of the story. Moreover, he follows the modern device of hampering his soloist by giving him an exceedingly heavy accompaniment to sing over, and although Mr. Charles Clark was not at all in good form, we doubt whether he would have found the lines easy to sing under any conditions. Oddly enough, the difference between the old style and the new was shown when Mr. Clark sang one of Weber's arias in the second half of the concert. Here, although the singer's voice had not recovered in the interval, it was possible to follow almost every word, although the accompaniment is sufficiently heavy. But, of course, Weber understood how to write for the voice, and showed some respect for it. Our modern men regard voices and libretti as a means to an end, and that end the loudest possible assertion of their thoughts. The result in the case of Mr. Bell's "Vocal Scena" is that we remain conscious of the extreme beauty of the poem, and regret that the composer has not done justice to it.



A NEW IDEA IN MATINÉES: MISS HILDA BEWICKE, WHO GAVE A MATINÉE DANSANTE IN THE ALBERT HALL THEATRE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

The programme included orchestral music, recitations by Miss Margaret Bussé, and dances by Miss Bewicke and others.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

The Philharmonic Society.

Herr Bruno Walter conducted the Philharmonic Society's concert at the Queen's Hall last week with great success, securing a vivid interpretation of Schumann's Symphony in B flat and the Overture to Miss Smyth's opera, "The Wreckers." Emil Sauer was the solo pianist, and played brilliantly. Indeed, a certain brilliant interpretation seemed to be associated with all the music rendered. The Philharmonic Society is moving with the times.

COMMON CHORD.



The Proving of Front-Wheel Brakes.

of my findings with regard to these fitments was to the effect that, while being perfectly satisfactory as brakes, there was an entire absence of side-slip on the greasiest roads when they were applied. And further, that they would and did, when subsequently used, rectify the side-slip provoked by a primary application of the propeller-shaft or back-wheel brakes. Now the gentlemen interested in these brakes have had the courage to submit them to the R.A.C., and the severest possible set of tests that can be devised. From the report which now lies before me I am glad indeed to find that the opinion I formed of the statements I made immediately after my personal trial are more than endorsed by the pronouncements of the Club experts.

A Trial Over Treacherous Surface.

I have only to describe the conditions of the tests to which a 15-h.p. Humber car and a 16-h.p. Albion covered van, fitted with Allen-Liversidge front-wheel brakes, were submitted, to convince my readers that nothing could be more severe. No asphalt on a damp day, no West-country oolite after soaking rain, no greasy City pavements could present so absolutely treacherous a surface as that prepared by the Club people for this essay. An oblong of smooth granite setts, measuring sixty feet by thirty feet, was covered with a hideous mixture of Thames mud and soft soap to a thickness of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., and the braking trials were made over and upon this delectable surface. The car was driven over this patch of slip-mixture at a speed of $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, and the brakes applied suddenly at an unexpected word of command. Naturally, they had little stopping effect upon such a surface, but the car went straight on with the front wheels locked; indeed, the deflection was only 4 in. from the right line of progression. When the same manoeuvre was repeated with the back-wheel brakes the car was deflected from its course no less than 15 feet, and, what is more, turned right round on the grease. Several runs were made with both vehicles, and always with similar results. It must therefore be said that Allen-Liversidge front-wheel braking is proof against side-slip.

The Renaissance of Argylls.

One is always delighted to see pluck, persistence, and perseverance meet with their just reward, and automobilists the world over will rejoice that fortune has smiled upon the dogged work of the little Scotch coterie who were resolved

Shortly after the close of the last great automobile show at Olympia I detailed my personal experiences with a car fitted with Allen-Liversidge front-wheel brakes. The sum-total

that Argylls, Limited, should be rescued and saved alive from the financial slough of despond into which they had fallen. Now I learn with great gratification, and I am sure my readers with me, that the entire share-capital has been subscribed by those interested in the old company. Could the faith felt in the renaissance of Argylls be more strongly demonstrated? It augurs well indeed for the future of this company. This strong financial position, coupled with the magnificently equipped works at Alexandria-by-

Glasgow, will serve once again to set this concern in the forefront of the industry. By its honours gained and its users' evidence, the Argyll has shown itself a car among the best, and this position, under present auspices, it will more than maintain in the immediate future.

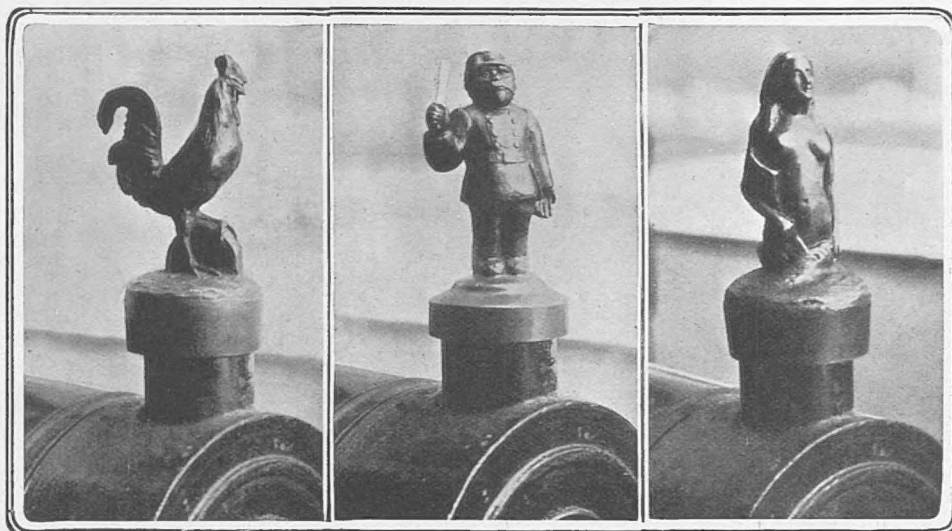
Humber Redivivus. Because the word "liquidation" has been mentioned in connection with Humbers, Limited, many unsophisticated folks have jumped to the conclusion that this great and old-established firm were going out of existence as a commercial

concern. But far and wide it should be known among the thousands upon thousands to whom ever since the late 'seventies the word "Humber" has conveyed quality superb that this liquidation of the old company was only one step in the course of reconstruction for the purpose of obtaining fresh capital. The new company with the old face has been registered, and applications from the old shareholders are coming in freely. In the fact that the Right Hon. Earl Russell and Mr. W. Ballin Hinde are amongst the new directors automobilists will feel confidence.

A British Small Car Trial.

Early last week, the too-facile tongue of some Committee-man allowed the probability of an R.A.C. Small-Car Trial to leak out. The suggestion will assuredly be welcomed by all but a small section of the trade, for, as usual, this country has allowed our lively neighbours on the other side of the Channel to take the wind out of our sails in the matter of small cars. According to the rumour—which, if it emanated from the source suspected, may be taken as fact—the trial will be held as early in the year as May, will last a week, and will conclude at Brooklands something after the manner of the 2000-miles event of last year. Now, in the design and construction of small cars, the native manufacturer compares excellently with the foreigner, and I shall expect to see British babies show up well in the trial. If the date named is correct, the notice to the industry is over-short. A longer period might have induced many leading firms to create special types, thereafter to become standard.

[Continued on a later page.]



A COCK (GALLIC).

A POLICEMAN (FRENCH).

A SYREN (COSMOPOLITAN).

MASCOTS AS WATER-COOLER CAPS: THE NEW GOOD-LUCK BRINGERS.

Photographs by Branger.



FLYING WITH THE TIMES: THE FIRST SHOP DEVOTED TO THE AVIATOR, IN PARIS.

At the shop are sold parts of flying-machines, and aeroplanes—indeed, everything connected with the art of flying.—[Photograph by Delius.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Early Flat-Racing. The whole aspect of early-season flat-racing has been changed by the long late spell of frost and snow, and my advice to intending punters is to go dead slow at Lincoln and Liverpool, if not at a few of the succeeding meetings. If anything, the Newmarket trainers have had a slight advantage over their "provincial" brethren; but with that granted, there will be few, if any, horses fit for racing the week after next. Several trainers, as is usual during prolonged frost or dry weather, sent horses to the seaside to work on the sands. Notable instances are Mattie Macgregor and Springbok, the latter having been at Weston-super-Mare for a week or two. This couple will thus probably be fitter than some other Grand National horses. In this connection the Irish-trained animals will have a big pull, for while we were frozen out our neighbours were enjoying mild weather and sunshine. The same applies in a lesser degree to the Welsh-trained horses. However, as far as most of the English horses are concerned, the interruptions came at such vexatious times that even those trainers who pushed their horses along early in the year had their efforts practically nullified. The task of vaticination is, under the circumstances, trebly difficult, and is reduced to mere suggestion. It had been expected that the French horses would be fitter than ours, but from what I can gather, our Gallic neighbours have been almost as badly off as we have been, and, whenever possible, advantage has been taken of the sand-tracks at Maisons Laffitte. An American who was racing a good deal on the far side last year, and knows English racing by heart, tells me that Ballot and Priscillian will turn out the best of the horses recently arrived from the States, but they will probably not be seen at their best until warm weather arrives.

Jockeys. The four-months holiday of the flat-race jockeys is over, and most of them have been riding in exercise gallops, when the weather has permitted, for the last week or two. They have spent their interregnum in various ways, but the wisest have kept themselves fit. Trigg, Maher, and Higgs have done some hunting, following

that Maher and Wootton fought last year. There can be no room for doubting that the Australian boy would have finished on top but for his suspension, and I expect he will turn the tables on his American rival. Maher will ride at about 8 st. 7 lb., and will probably be able to get a pound or two off, should it be necessary. As against this, Wootton will be able to go to scale at about 6 st. 3 lb., which will, of course, give him a great advantage at all times, particularly during the Nursery season. Still, he will be tackling a big problem in Maher, whose averages since 1904 have been remarkable. In that year his winning percentage was 24.89, and in the following years, 24.57, 29.17, 26.88, and 28.30. Other jockeys sure to play a prominent part are Trigg, who will scale 7 st. 6 lb., or thereabouts; Higgs, about 7 st. 10 lb.; Halsey, a pound or two over 8 st.; Randall, ditto; and Madden, about 8 st. Of the younger of the apprentices, H. East, Langham, and A. Escott are very promising boys, and will, with average luck, make their mark.



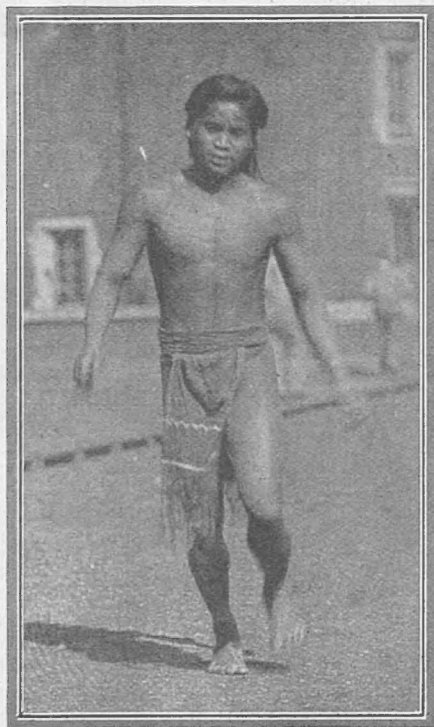
A LEANING TOWARDS DIVINITY: PROFESSORS AND DIVINITY STUDENTS OF ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE, USHAW, SKATING—A CURIOUS EFFECT.

A "National" What is a "National" Horse? horse? One

frequently hears the term, from the time the entries for the Grand National are published until about a week before the big Liverpool Steeplechase is decided. Distinction is thrust on many a steeple-

chase that would otherwise pass unsung in which figures the name of a horse entered for the Grand National, whatever may happen to be the class of the animal. As a general rule, about sixty per cent. of the horses that are weighted—one may safely go further and say that accept—have no possible chance of getting round even once at Aintree. But, even though failure be in prospect there, they add to the gaiety of racegoers at prior meetings. The presence of the better-class National horses will attract to a racecourse many a man who would in their absence stay at home, and the inferior variety draw to themselves much attention by the mere fact of their names having come under Mr. Topham's notice. For the period preceding the Liverpool Spring Meeting they move on a higher plane—they are "National" horses. After the greatest of all steeplechases has been decided they fade back to the level of just ordinary 'chasers—until their names figure in the following year's entry.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



THE FILIPINO LOPE: A JOG-TROT THAT MAY WIN THE GREAT AMERICAN GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE RACE.

It is said that the team of Filipinos will provide the sensation of the six-days go-as-you-please race now in progress at the Madison Square Garden, New York. They move in a curious jog-trot known as a lope.

Photograph by the P.-T. Press Bureau.

the example set by Morny Cannon a few years ago. We occasionally have a surprise as regards the jockey championship—notably the year when Wheatley won it—but I fancy this year we shall see a repetition of the battle for premier honours



FASHIONABLE EVEN WHILE BATHING: A FAIR WEARER OF THE EMPIRE BATHING-DRESS.

Apparently, everything is to be Empire now, judging by the fashions seen at the Courts. The lady whose photograph is here given may be said, therefore, to be ultra-fashionable, for her bathing-gown is distinctly in the high-waisted Empire style.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

CAPTAIN COE.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Tragedy of Afternoon Tea.

It is perhaps the bane of the great comfortable middle class of these islands that they pass their wild jocund youth, as well as their more sane yet ardent middle age, in an atmosphere of Afternoon Tea. They are immersed in the ethics, and ruled by the standard of conduct, the attitude towards life, of this trivial, charming meal. Modern civilisation has, indeed, the air of saying: "Only those things which can be discussed at the five o'clock tea-table shall ye do. Only those polite topics which are appropriate to the steaming, fragrant cup shall ye discuss." And in this connection a poem by J. Marjoram in the *English Review*, with the innocent title "Afternoon Tea," *donne furieusement à penser*. For, side by side with the banal chatter of the drawing-room, the poet has written a silent duologue, played only with eyes and lips, between a man and a woman. The man comes to the tea-party to feast his eyes on the lady of his heart; she pours out tea with a lowered glance, sends him on expeditions with cups, and refuses to understand. The writer handles his suggestive subject with vigour and reality, demonstrating in no uncertain words the feeble shams of the upper middle classes. It is probably the afternoon tea-tables of England which have made the British Empire what it is, for they must perforce breed adventurers, rebels, and

pioneers. The pity of it is that pioneers go alone, and the women are left, like the lady in the poem, pouring out tea for guests "twice a week till they are seventy."

The Apotheosis of the Music-Hall.

For a decade at least London poets, writers, and artists, Oxford dons and cosmopolitan dilettanti have all combined to make a vogue for the music-hall. Superior Persons, who would not be seen in a theatre, affect the liveliest interest in the music-hall as a mirror of life, as a means of expression of the loves and likes, the tastes and failings

(encouragement) vastly more amusing and certainly more innocuous than the playhouses devoted to neurotic drama or jingle comedies. Mr. Pelissier and his "Follies" have gone, as the Americans say, "one better," for he parodies not only the legitimate theatre but the sacred music-hall itself, to the intense delight of London audiences. And Mr. Pelissier as Salome, or as the elderly female teacher of elocution reciting "Butterflies" is the one absolute joy provided by this extraordinary and violent month of March.

Dangerous Civility.

A witty feminine person in Society has recently laid down the axiom that "nothing ages a woman so rapidly as the constant effort to be civil and obliging." I fancy there is more than a shade of truth in this paradox, and "climbers" of the female sex should take note of the danger they run with their looks in being too amiable. Not that the huntress after popularity adds lines to her brow in being over-civil to her equals or her inferiors. No; these scars of combat are generally acquired by too much assiduity to persons of a superior rank, and are doubtless considered by their possessor to be, if not exactly becoming, at least the outward signs and symbols of honourable warfare, much as a German Korps-Student accounts to his credit the gashes and rents in his plump visage. The people to be envied, of course, are those personages who live, god-like, on empyrean clouds, concerning themselves no-wise with the likes or dislikes, the approval or disapproval of the common herd of mortals below. For these, like triumphant Beauty, have only to smile to please.

Feed the Beast, Starve the Beauty.

The latest scientific experiments prove that, to remain eternally young and beautiful, you must not only eat and drink in the sparest manner, but undergo actual periods of starvation. After ten days or so without bite or sup, there are persons, it appears, who feel not only years younger, but twice as good-looking as before they underwent so drastic a "treatment." A little mineral-water (presumably radioactive) is all that is required to support life during a "beauty-fast." Lord Byron discovered this secret in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and used to exist for days at a time on nothing but hock-and-seltzer and biscuits. This was when the famous poet began to show signs—which he did at an early age—of putting on fat, a catastrophe which would have been fatal to his reputation as a Don Juan. Meanwhile, if Beauty must have lean platters, the Beast, to keep him in a good humour, must be thoroughly well fed, and a French doctor has recently been comforting us with the news that the English cuisine, though a little uninteresting in the matter of sauces, is twice as nourishing, and thrice as hygienic, as the more elaborate efforts of the French cook. There is undoubtedly a coarse and greasy look about those people who eat perpetually at expensive restaurants which is hardly conducive to an *air fatal*. Even the Beast must beware of too many and too intricate dishes.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING CHIFFON EVENING DRESS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A SMART HAT OF BLACK-CHIP, CROWNED WITH ROSES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

of The People. The music-hall, indeed, to fulfil its mission, should be a lively record of passing events, a reflection of popular, if fleeting, sympathies. And so amazing is the apotheosis of this class of theatre to-day that they have become (with

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

The Court without the Queen.

Her Majesty was much missed at the second Court of the year, and a certain dullness was experienced because the reason of her absence was a heavy cold, while the severity of the weather threatened to distribute similar maladies with no respect of persons. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present. Her Royal Highness was not associated with the King in holding the Court, as that would be contrary to royal etiquette. The present Queen held Drawing-Rooms for Queen Victoria, never with her. Princess Christian held several Drawing-Rooms, Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) one, and Princess Henry of Battenberg none. Dress at the Court was very beautiful, and the popularity of having the greater part of the top of the bodices of tulle or net wrought with lines or lattice-work of brilliants was apparent. It is a most attractive trimming, and is at its best worn in an assemblage where jewels are "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa."



BRITISH POWDERS AT MONTE CARLO: SIGNOR CACCIARI, WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX AT MONTE CARLO.

It will interest shooting-men generally to know that throughout the great pigeon-shooting meeting at Monte Carlo Signor Cacciari, the Grand Prix winner, shot with Nobel's sporting ballistite, the standard condensed powder. The other great event—the Grande Poule d'Essai—was won by Signor Schiannini, who also shot with sporting ballistite.

tulle in tiny brilliants and fine design. The points, carried down over the skirt, are finished off with little slender brilliant tassels. The sleeves are also simple in classical folds round the arm-tops.

A Rose-crowned Hat.

It is a case of "roses, roses all the year" nowadays. The national emblem has never been held in higher esteem, either in its natural or its artificial state. On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a very smart hat of black chip, and generous in its proportions. The crown is like an old-world gardener's bouquet of roses, pressed well in together, with a leaf or two showing here and there, and having a bow of rose-coloured silk at the side.

Lord and Lady Deerpurst are the proud parents of two daughters, and the elder of these little ladies, who bids fair to be as beautiful as was her grandmother, Lady Coventry, has a royal godmother in the person of Princess Christian, who has always been particularly fond of Lady Deerpurst. The younger of the two sisters, who will be twelve years old next October, bears the quaint Christian name of Peggy, wedded to her mother's more stately cognomen of Virginia. Lord and Lady Deerpurst are both very popular at Court, and they are often included in royal house-parties.

That section of the great world which prides itself on being artistic, literary, and cultivated, is much interested in the news of the engagement of Miss Ruby Lindsay, the beautiful niece of the Duchess of Rutland. Miss Lindsay, whose exquisite colouring and perfect features recall several of the Romney paintings of Emma Lady Hamilton, has been painted by most of the better-known portrait-painters

A Modern Classic in Gowns.

The silhouette period in dress has taught our modistes and ourselves the value of the long line. The lesson will never, I imagine, quite be lost sight of. Clever classic draping is now closely associated with fit and style, as will be seen by the drawing of a chiffon evening-dress on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of ivory-toned chiffon, and the draping continues every fold to the hem. The lace is very fine point de Venise, and the tucker is of brilliant embroidery on



PRESENTED AT THE RECENT COURT: MISS NELLIE MARSHALL, DAUGHTER OF SIR HORACE AND LADY MARSHALL.

Miss Marshall was presented by her mother. She wore a Court dress of Greek silk net over an underskirt of mousseline d'argent, trimmed with cream-cloth lilac sparkling with dew-drops, and satin leaves. The bodice was draped in a deep V, with tiny frills edged with silver beads. The train was of hand-beaded net, with deep hem of mousseline d'argent, lined with rucked chiffon.—[Photograph by Langfieri.]

of the day. Her fiancé, who is in the Diplomatic Service, belongs to the noted Dorset family of Peto.

Lady Evelyn Guinness, who gave a very smart dinner-party last week in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, is a daughter of Lord Buchan, and is the wife of Lord Iveagh's youngest son. She is very pretty and charming, but she was seen very little in Society before her marriage, for she married when still a débutante. Lady Evelyn took her place among hostesses of royalty sometime ago, for at a great ball given by her not very long after her marriage were present the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, and also that fairest of unwedded royal maidens, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The Liberal Party is blessed with a number of exceedingly pretty débutantes, and among them one of the most charming is Miss Marjory Bryce, niece to our Ambassador to America, and daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Annan Bryce. Miss Bryce has been born in the political purple: her father is Member for Inverness, and her beautiful Irish mother is the bright particular star at many an otherwise dull House of Commons gathering. It is probably owing to the Irish strain in her blood that Miss Marjory Bryce has distinguished herself as an amateur actress of considerable ability.

One of the prettiest and smartest débutantes of 1909 is Miss Myrtle Abercromby, a daughter of Lady Northbrook by her first marriage, to Sir Robert Abercromby of Forglen. Lord and Lady Northbrook are entertaining a good deal in honour of Miss Abercromby's début, and their beautiful house in Portman Square is admirably adapted for the giving of great and small entertainments. Lady Northbrook, who is a very beautiful woman, has transmitted her loveliness to her daughters. She comes of the well-known Irish family of Coote, of Ballyfin.



PRESENTED TO THE SHEFFIELD SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

This sterling silver and bronze shield, with twenty surrounding name-shields in silver, was made for Alderman John Eaton, J.P., for presentation to the Sheffield Sunday School Union, for annual musical competition by the senior choirs—open to churches and schools of all religious denominations. It was designed and manufactured by Mappin and Webb (1908) Ltd., at the Royal Works, Sheffield, also of 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street, and 220, Regent Street, London.

One of the most interesting débutantes of 1910 will be the youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds. Lady Moira Godolphin Osborne is, through her mother, a niece of Lord Durham; she is very clever and cultivated, and has a remarkably good knowledge of foreign languages. A good deal of her young life has been spent abroad, for the Duchess of Leeds is delicate, and often winters on the Riviera with her daughters and little son.

It is generally admitted that the social reign of bridge is on the wane, for in these days of fluctuating fashions and sudden crazes the best of games cannot hope for an enduring vogue among the multitude, although its serious votaries may remain faithful to it. Therefore it is that the present moment is most opportune for the appearance of a new card game, and the International Card Company, of 2, Bury Street, E.C., has seized this opportunity to place upon the market an original and fascinating game called Poker-Patience. Patience hitherto has been regarded as a solitary pastime, adapted to the tastes of maiden aunts and other lonely people, but Poker-Patience can be played, not only by one person, but by any number of players. The requisites of the game are supplied by the above-mentioned firm at the following prices: Rules, 6d.; scoring-block, 9d.; pack of Poker-Patience cards, 1s. A set can be had at 2s. 6d., or, in leather, at 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 14s. 6d., post free; midget sets in leather are sold at 3s. and 3s. 6d.